

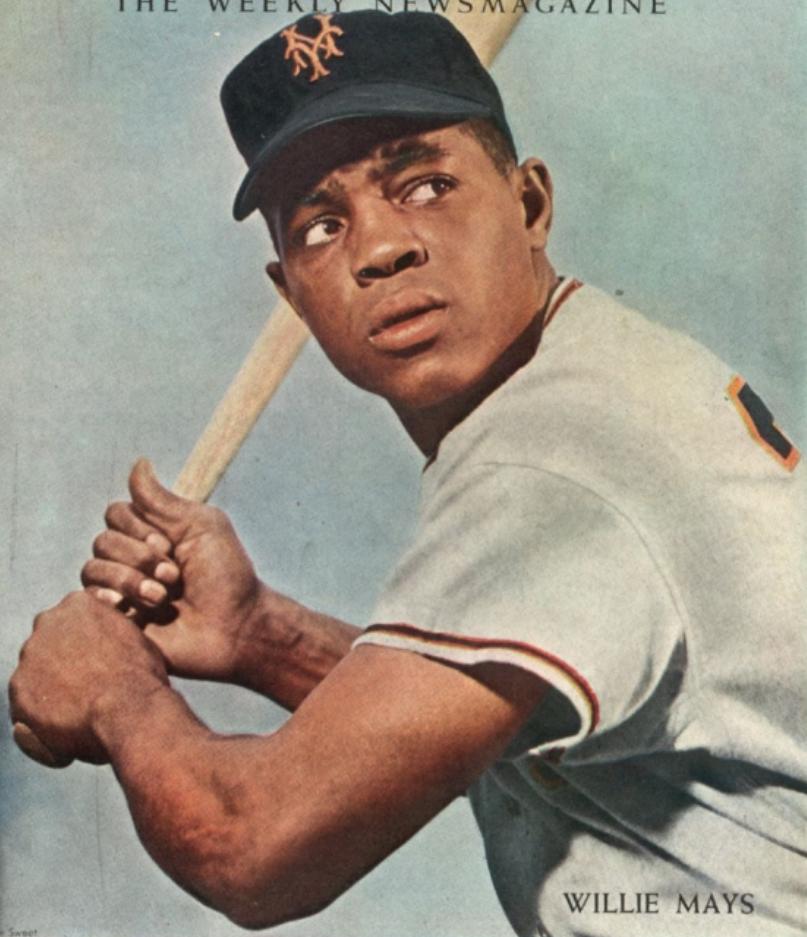
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JULY 26, 1954

EUROPE'S PROVINCES
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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



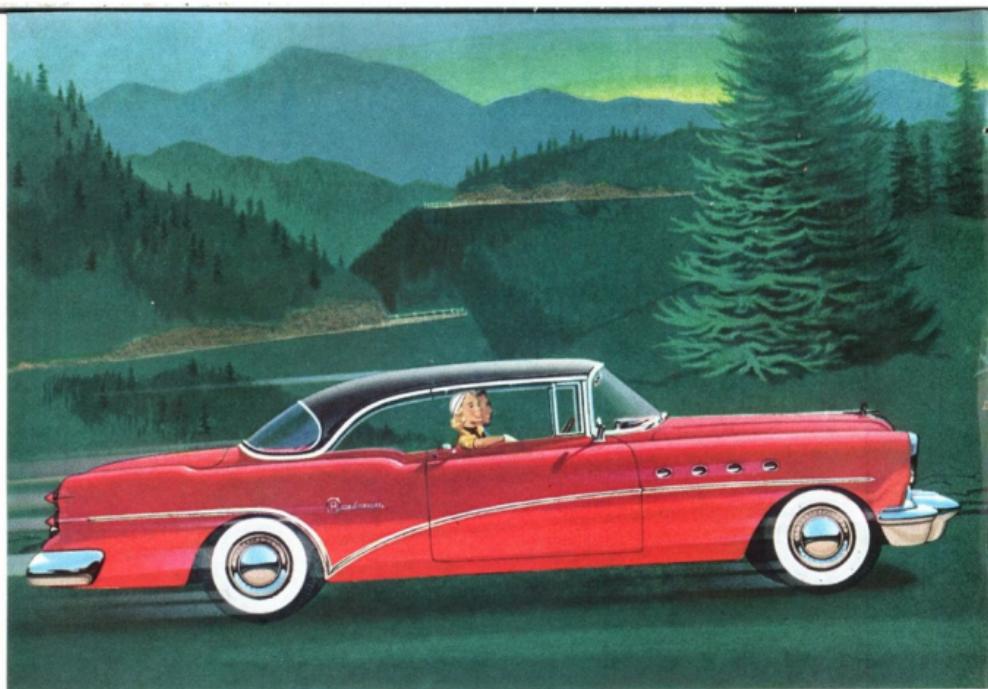
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VOL. LXIV NO. 4



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LETTERS

Whittledycut in the Bluegrass

Sir:

It was an extreme pleasure to see my favorite Senator make the July 5 cover of your magazine. As long as men of Senator John Sherman Cooper's caliber have a hand in running our Government . . . we will never lose our prestige in world leadership . . .

NORMAN L. GIRDLER
M/Sgt., U.S.A.F.

Denver

Sir:

No one can find fault with Senator Cooper and his record. His trouble lies in the class of field he's running in. It's Correlation Cooper's fine horse, up against Hasty Road Barkley, and that's too much horse. With a respectful bow to John Cooper, it would be wonderful to have Alben Barkley . . . back on the track . . .

One fine and fortunate fact: If only a single voter went to the polls next November, neither Kentucky nor the nation would lose.

ALANSON W. EDWARDS
Washington, D.C.

Sir:

A native Kentuckian . . . I was puzzled with "Hot as Hackydam" and "whittledycut"—which in Kentucky means a real fine horse race." Would it be unkind to suggest that such expressions may have been used by infiltrators of the Pennyroyal . . . or that your correspondent had been investigating that special flavor the limestone imparts to the bourbon?

AUSTIN ADKINSON

Charlotte, N.C.

TIME's reporter, a seventh-generation Pennyroyal native, stoutly denies both suggestions.—Ed.

In the Ditch

Sir:

Due to the fact that I did not have TIME, May 31, I missed seeing the piece [on Prince Bernhard's auto accident]: "Trying to pass a road truck . . . he zigged when he should have zagged". I now am receiving [copies of it] from quite a few friends in the U.S. with a certain amount of biting comment, which I would gladly accept if it had been my fault. However, I enclose an eyewitness report.

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(American), and in view of that, I don't think it is fair to write as you did, as it apparently gives me the reputation of a b.f.*

BERNHARD

Soestdijk Palace
The Netherlands

¶ Reports the U.S. Army's Lieut. Colonel Hugh G. Martin Jr., who happened to be driving behind Prince Bernhard's black Lincoln: "Close to 100 yds. ahead of my car was a large truck . . . The Lincoln was in the left lane of the highway about 15 yds. behind it attempting to pass, when the truck drifted slowly to the left without signaling. The driver of the Lincoln applied the brakes strongly . . . The truck continued to move to the left, [and] the Lincoln was forced off the highway with the left wheels going into the sand. The truck continued onward. The driver of the Lincoln attempted to turn back . . . apparently to avoid a cement post, and the left front wheel of the vehicle dug into the sand, flipping the Lincoln on its top upon the highway.

"I stopped my car and went over to assist the occupants . . . After assuring myself that no one was injured and being told by the gentleman who had been driving . . . that I could not be of assistance, I left my name and address and departed . . ."—Ed.

Unbrave New World

Sir:

Those happy-go-lucky anti-blues pills, Meratran [TIME, June 28], will set civilization back a thousand years. No more worried people, no unhappy love affairs, no discontented workers. Have a pill, friend! No war, no peace talks, no useless trips to the doctor, no kicking the dog around and no teeth knocked out. If this is a preview of heaven, count me out . . . The Creator was wise in

* I.e., bloody fool.

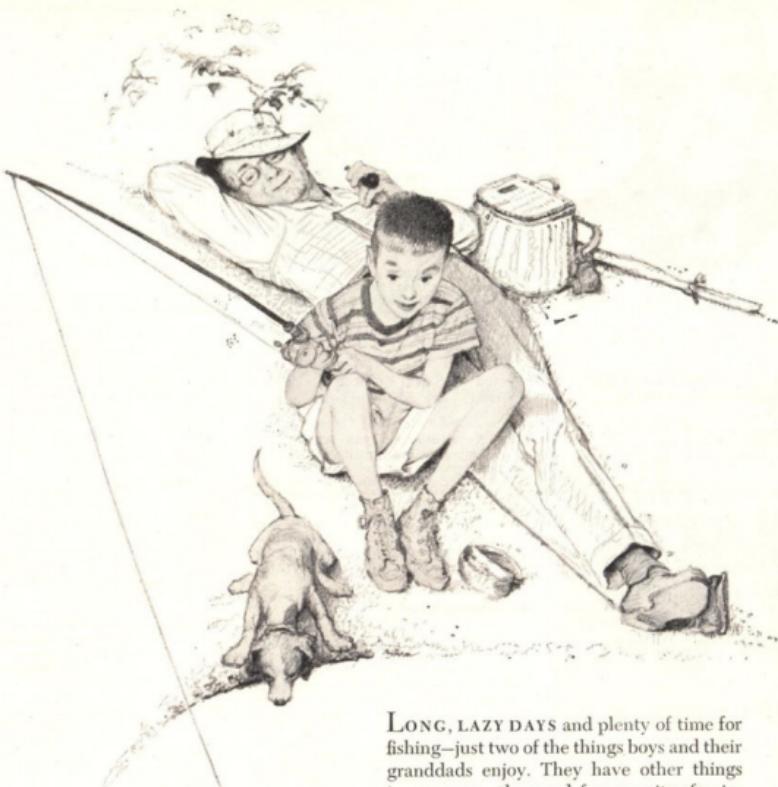
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Volume LXIV
Number 4



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creating the discontented human species . . . Under this pill system people will shoot themselves just for the hell of it.

BILL STALNAKER

Houston

Caricatures & Monstrosities

Sir:

Who is your Art editor, and why? I always wonder, when you show caricatures like [De Kooning's] *Woman* [TIME, June 28] . . . My taste is, no doubt, bourgeois . . . but I don't see why we must be affronted with these things in the public prints. Thank goodness the citizens of Salem, Ore. had the spunk to eject that monstrosity of a statue from their courthouse lawn. What if we had to see things like that everywhere? Please don't palm them off on us as art . . .

AUDREY TROUT

Turlock, Calif.

¶ Renoir's *Venus Victorieuse* (see cut), rejected by Salem's citizens, is now in Portland's Art Museum.—ED.



Sir:

. . . No artist's work can be fairly appraised by anyone but himself. No other artist, critic, museum curator or layman can temporarily adopt the character, personality, frame of mind and point of view the artist possessed at the time he was painting a particular picture . . . I highly respect the work of Ben Shahn and Willem De Kooning . . . They are both exceptionally capable men . . .

DOROTHY R. MYERS

Paoli, Pa.

Reappraisal (Contd.)

Sir:

For sheer petulant arrogance, your July 5 article, "Alone," would be hard to equal. But when you add to that a charge of timidity against a nation that has in its time fought and beaten (usually at unfavorable odds) the French, Dutch, Russians, Spaniards, Italians, Chinese, Japanese and Germans, and burnt down the White House, your essay in self-righteousness is the utmost presumption . . .

In Britain, America has her strongest ally and a true friend, but if she wishes for a satellite, she must look elsewhere.

EDWARD STORER

London

Sir:

. . . Our Government leaders knew well that whether the Communists sneered or smiled, they were out to kill. But your former Government was of the belief that coexistence with the Communists was possible, and tried every means for a settlement between the Chinese Nationalists and the Communists. As a result, China was lost. Today, Britain is doing the same thing to the U.S. . . .

TEENG YING-CHU

Hong Kong

Sir:

Summing up on our loss of friends among nations of the world, TIME did not take the opportunity to call attention to the insenicate despot that now rules the U.S., Russia, France and England. This despot is the H-bomb. Its power is so great that it can cause mutual destruction . . . I believe most Americans (except Senator Knowland, et al.) would regret very much to have this happen.

OTTO McFEELY

Oak Park, Ill.

This Other Eden

Sir:

I have never read anything so refreshing and heartening as John Eden's maiden speech in the House of Commons [TIME, July 5]. Plainly, what the nations need is to kick out the old, overcautious mousiebacks and put youth at the helm . . . Every great enterprise is built by adventurous spirits. These are the young men . . .

WALTER S. SWISHER

Orr's Island, Me. (retired. 72)

Sir:

. . . If England is to have an Eden as its next Prime Minister, it would probably fare better with Nephew John than with Uncle Anthony.

J. LINCOLN GALE

Rio de Janeiro

The Wicked French

Sir:

Re your July 5 article, "Billy in Germany": Mr. Graham, never high up in my estimation, has now reached rock bottom. The old cliché about the French being sinful was used by Hitler and his associates. Is this why Mr. G. brought it up in front of a German audience? Not too wise either way for a Christian.

Billy Graham should practice some of the less lucrative and self-glorying virtues; there is something about not casting stones.

JANET DOWNS

Chicago

Mission to Spain

Sir:

Whatever the shortcomings of Claude G. Bowers' *My Mission to Spain*, your review [June 21] of it disgusts me. The Bowers thesis, you say, was this: "Only Franco bombs and bullets ever kill women and children, only Franco soldiers ever murder their prisoners, only the Franco side ever lies." I would ask whether in your own coverage from Korea or Indo-China—or World War II—you have endeavored to delineate an involved situation in tones less completely black and white . . .

PAUL MOOR

Paris

Sir:

. . . I am just as anti-Communist as TIME, but . . . all this footie with Franco . . . is giving me a pain . . .

MARTHA L. HART

Detroit

Sir:

I would like to express my appreciation to TIME for its review . . . It demonstrates that some people at least have learned something about the realities of politics since the days of the Spanish civil war, even if Mr. Bowers' book would seem to indicate the contrary. Your treatment of this book is all the more welcome and necessary in view of the uncritical reception it got in other quarters.

HENRY REGNERY

Chicago

Theological Thoughts

Sir:

Please never again dignify in print Jane Russell's flippant and too earthy observations concerning God: "He's a Livin' Doll" [TIME, June 28]. It is the most tasteless comment, theological or otherwise, that I have ever heard . . .

AKRON GORBY

Brownfield, Texas

Sir:

. . . Is there nothing sacred?

MARY Q. AASTERUD

Milwaukee

TIME

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

"Yes," Miss Fineholt said brightly. "The fun of this work is seeing what material comes in . . ."

—MELVILLE GOODWIN, USA,
BY JOHN P. MARQUAND

For the cover story on Novelist John P. Marquand (TIME, March 7, 1949), Books Editor Max Gissen and Researcher Ruth Mehrhtens spent days interviewing their subject, even following him on a trip to the Bahamas to finish their research. Later, after the novel *Melville Goodwin, USA* was published, Marquand made a confession to Gissen. He had used them as an inspiration for his characters Phil Bentley and Myra Fineholt, the writer-researcher team in his novel. However, Marquand assured Gissen that Ruth Mehrhtens was not at all like his researcher Myra Fineholt. "Miss Mehrhtens," he said, "is a charming girl."

Working now as one of TIME's correspondents in our Chicago office, Ruth Mehrhtens would agree with Marquand's Myra Fineholt on one point—the fun of her work is seeing what material comes in. Ruth has been a correspondent in the Chicago bureau since January 1951. A Smith College graduate, she started with TIME as a researcher in 1946, worked in almost every section of the magazine before she was asked if she would like to be a writer. Her name was switched to the "Contributing Editors" slot on the masthead and there she stayed—writing Foreign News, later Canadian and Latin American news—until she decided to round out her career by being a TIME reporter.

In Chicago, "the material that comes in" is often varied. In one week, for example, Ruth covered the New England Opera Theater's one-night stand in Terre Haute, Ind. Two days later she reported the visit of Greece's King Paul to a "typical Illinois farm" (TIME, Nov. 16). During the royal visit to the farm, reporters were not allowed to follow King Paul into the house. Ruth noticed that neighbor women who had come to help prepare the King's dinner were going in the back door. She followed the ladies inside. Before she could find an apron, however, a policeman spotted the undisguised reporter and hustled her outside. Later, after talking with farmers' wives and children, she was able to write a lively story of the day's visit.

The job of correspondent, Ruth finds, has its moments of pleasant feminine gossip. "Some of my more delightful coffee sessions: with former Labor Secretary Frances Perkins, who claimed that married women in business were more neurotic than single women; with Singer Joni James,

about how much you have to spend on clothes when you're successful (plenty); and with Bobo Rockefeller, when I got her favorite standby recipe for unexpected guests: 'Beef Stroganoff with lots of cream and butter.'"

After a recent interview-luncheon for a story on Etiquette Expert Amy Vanderbilt (TIME, July 5), Vanderbilt and Mehrhtens found themselves at an impasse: both insisted on paying for the meal. Says Ruth: "I won that point of etiquette. I pointed out that after all she was my guest."

Men are now accustomed to women reporters, says Ruth, but "I remember once, on a farm-implement story, when my source seemed a little baffled to see a girl on a plowman's errand." However, after the story appeared there came a nice note from the baffled source.

And there was the time when a good story led to a memorable evening. It was while she was researching the story on Conductor Fritz Reiner (TIME,



Wallace Kirkland-LIFE

RUTH MEHRHTENS

JAN. 4). Since the orchestra rehearsal had run overtime, Reiner suggested that he and Reporter Mehrhtens finish the interview at his apartment, where his wife was waiting with some sandwiches. "We adjourned," says Ruth, "and midway through the interview in came Impresario Sol Hurok. So of course we all had to have steak and claret. When I protested that I had no intention of staying for dinner, Mr. Reiner's comment was: That isn't the question. The question is: do you take your steak rare or well done? I had watched the orchestra rehearse all afternoon. I really felt like a delinquent violinist myself when I tried to stop eating halfway through that enormous rare steak. The Maestro noticed, pointed an imperious finger at my plate and snapped: Eat your steak."

"Needless to say," says Ruth meekly, "I finished the steak."

Cordially yours,

James A. Lisen

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...NYLON CORD TRUCK

Du Pont and leading tire manufacturers worked together for ten years to perfect nylon cord tires. Now actual road experience proves nylon gives best all-around protection against tire failure—makes possible long-running recaps—guards against blowouts and road delays. Nylon gives you more mileage for your tire dollar . . . lowest cost per mile.

Nylon cords are so tough they practically end cord ruptures and protect against bruise breaks when tires hit holes and bumps. They effectively resist the hottest temperatures a tire



TIRE COSTS 27.2%. NYLON CORD TIRE (LEFT) RETREADED THIRD TIME AFTER 210,000 MILES. OUTWORE 3 ORDINARY TIRES (RIGHT) THAT AVERAGED 73,000 MILES EACH.

TIRES GIVE MUCH LOWER COST PER MILE

will ever encounter in normal highway operations. Nylon cords are resilient—do not break under the twisting and flexing that takes place every time a tire turns. And damp rot of cords, which was once a major threat to tire life, is a thing of the past with nylon. Even if moisture seeps in through cuts to reach the cords, nylon resists deterioration.

Whether your fleet is large or small, it will pay you to make this test. Try a set of nylon cord tires under any road conditions. See how nylon can take grueling highway punishment.

Prove to yourself that nylon cords can safely support your heaviest load, give longer service, assure you far more recaps. Ask your dealer about a set of nylon cord truck tires today. (Du Pont makes nylon fibers, does not produce tires.)



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... THROUGH CHEMISTRY

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BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Reunion in Geneva

With all the world watching, the French were about to negotiate a surrender to the Communists in Indo-China. At the U.S. State Department and in the White House, a firm decision had been reached: the U.S. would not send a top-level representative back to the peace talks in Geneva. Behind the decision were three strongly held conclusions: 1) French Premier Pierre Mendès-France, who won his office on his promise to end the war in Indo-China, appeared to be a peace-at-any-price man; 2) high-level participation in Geneva might put the U.S. in the position of approving a sellout to the Reds; 3) the French would probably expect the U.S. to fight in Indo-China if the peace efforts failed. Nevertheless, last week the firm decision was dramatically reversed. With a Godspeed from Secretary of State John Foster Dulles and French Ambassador Henri Bonnet, Under Secretary of State Walter Bedell Smith flew off to Geneva.

The chain of events that led to the reversal began when Secretary of State John Foster Dulles received an urgent message from Mendès-France: Please come to Geneva for a clarifying talk about Franco-American differences. Dulles flatly refused. To come to Geneva only to "walk out" again after his conversations, he felt, would damage the already weakened French position and provide grist for the Red propagandists. But Mendès is a persistent man; he countered with a second invitation: Why not meet him in Paris? After 45 minutes of mulling it over with President Eisenhower, Dulles accepted, left that same evening without going home to change for the trip.

Conversation at Midnight. Next afternoon, Mendès-France and his good friend Anthony Eden flew in from Geneva, and Mendès hurried to the American embassy to greet Dulles. That night the bustling French Premier entertained the American and British Secretaries at dinner in the Premier's official residence, Hôtel de Matignon. After coffee and liqueurs, Mendès snapped for a map and began to talk.

He talked until after midnight, explaining the military and political situation in Indo-China in minute detail. With eloquence he told Dulles exactly what he thought he could get at Geneva, and how much he was prepared to give. France,



Associated Press

DIPLOMATS SMITH, DULLES & BONNET

To note, but not to guarantee.

he declared, was not preparing to surrender everything for the sake of peace, would accept only a "reasonable" armistice. He emphasized the importance of having the U.S. represented at Geneva "at the ministerial level." Without such representation, said Mendès-France bluntly, there was little hope for settlement.

If an armistice was signed, Mendès hoped for U.S. agreement if not approval. He entertained no illusions that the U.S. would automatically enter the Indo-Chinese war if the Geneva talks broke down. On the other hand, Mendès assured Dulles, France would not withdraw from Indo-China if the war continued, was ready to join the U.S. and other democracies in a Southeast Asia Treaty Organization.

Synopsis at Bedtime. Throughout the conversation, Dulles interrupted Mendès only infrequently with questions. When Mendès had finished, Dulles had changed his views of the French Premier. He told Mendès that he would think the matter over. In pajamas that night at the embassy, John Foster Dulles, a man who likes to get his thoughts down in order, jotted down a synopsis of Mendès' frank talk on a yellow scratchpad, studied it, made up his mind, fell asleep.

Next morning, his mind unchanged, Secretary Dulles telephoned the White

House. After hearing Dulles' summary of Mendès' talk, President Eisenhower agreed to send Under Secretary Smith back to Geneva, and to note, but not to guarantee, any agreement that might be reached on a pragmatic peace. In Washington, the prospects were viewed with skepticism. Neither John Foster Dulles nor Dwight Eisenhower, old hands at the Communists' floating diplomatic games, was confident that Mendès, for all his charm and resolution, could win an honorable peace. But they were willing to have "Beedle" Smith watching while he tried.

FOREIGN RELATIONS Aid & EDC

Intermittently all week John Foster Dulles and the Senate Foreign Relations Committee wrestled with one of the nation's thorniest and most persistent problems of diplomacy: how to get France to ratify the European Defense Community treaty. Although both forces had a common goal, the signals between the State Department and Capitol Hill were at times thoroughly confused.

Behind closed doors, the committee met to vote on an amendment to the foreign-aid bill offered by Majority Leader William Knowland. The amendment called

for drastic action: it would cut off military aid to France and Italy on Dec. 31 unless they ratified EDC or agreed with other NATO powers on a satisfactory substitute. New Jersey's Republican Senator H. Alexander Smith, acting as chairman, was sure that the committee would approve Knowland's proposal. Then Smith checked with Secretary Dulles.

Anxious Calls. The word from the State Department was not at all what Smith had expected: Dulles found the Knowland amendment unacceptable. In view of that Smith suggested a delay in the committee vote. California's Knowland, who operates with the finesse of a Patton tank, roared his protest: the Senate is coequal with the executive branch and he was tired of giving in to the State Department.

Nonetheless, Smith managed to stave off a final vote. Then he made some anxious telephone calls to Dulles. The result: when the committee was called back into session, Dulles and Under Secretary Bedell Smith, although thoroughly busy with Geneva, were both present to tell why they objected to Knowland's amendment. The reason was simple: it would tie their hands too closely.

If there had to be such an amendment, one already approved by the House was more acceptable to State. Introduced by South Carolina Democrat James P. Richards, it would deny only the funds to be appropriated this year, allowing France and Italy to continue using the millions already appropriated but not yet spent.

Increasing Impatience. After half an hour of back-and-forth before the committee, Arkansas' Democrat William Fulbright peered at "Beedle" Smith and asked: "Look here, General, speaking as an official of the Republican Administration, which do you prefer, the Richards amendment or this?" With soldierly pre-

cision Smith replied: "There just isn't any question about it. We prefer the Richards amendment."

Without another word, Fulbright moved that the committee substitute Richards' amendment for Knowland's. Voting with Fulbright for the motion were Republicans Smith, Alexander Wiley and George Aiken, Democrats Walter George, Theodore Green, John Sparkman and Guy Gillette. On record against it went Republicans Knowland, Homer Ferguson, Bourke Hickenlooper and William Langer and Democrat Mike Mansfield. Dulles had won his point, over the opposition of his own party's Senate leaders.

At week's end, back from his flying trip to Paris, Dulles sat down once more with the Foreign Relations Committee and with other leaders on the Hill, both Republican and Democratic. This time he was working on a different phase of the same problem. If the French Parliament does not ratify EDC at its present session, due to end around Aug. 15, said Dulles, then the U.S. and Britain should grant limited sovereignty to West Germany (see FOREIGN NEWS). This would mean that the Senate and possibly the entire Congress would have to be called back into special session this fall to vote its approval. Would this be agreeable?

Congressional leaders of both parties, increasingly impatient with the U.S.'s European allies, said it would be.

Treatment for Exposure

As a result of Communist Viet Minh military successes in Indo-China, the kingdom of Thailand (Siam) has been thrust into one of the free world's most exposed positions. Although postwar U.S. aid, totaling more than \$150 million under economic, military and Point Four programs, has poured into Thailand, the rate of buildup fell far short of what Thailand

would need in the ominous near future to stop an invasion from China on the north or Indo-China on the east.

Last week, after spending a fortnight in Washington talking to Joint Chiefs Chairman Arthur Radford and other Pentagon officials, General Srisdi Dhananjaya, commander in chief of Thailand's army, announced that the U.S. had agreed to step up its military aid to his country. Among the items promised: more tanks, trucks, artillery, small arms, ammunition and other equipment; 25 jet aircraft; a \$3,000,000, 297-mile military road; training of more Thai officers in the U.S.; enlargement of the 200-man U.S. Military Advisory Group in Thailand. For his part, bulky General Srisdi prepared to double the number of officers and noncoms in training, introduce a one-year officer's training program to supplement the present five-year curriculum, and increase his army to 100,000 strong from its present 65,000 (roughly equal to New Zealand's).

Further recognizing the new importance of Thailand's armed forces, Army Chief of Staff Matthew B. Ridgway conferred Legion of Merit medals on General Srisdi and his chief of staff, Lieut. General Jira Vichitsonggram. Then the Thais planned to build new, stronger dikes against the Red tide.

THE CONGRESS Head Winds on the Hill

Just after the Eisenhower legislative program hit cruising speed on Capitol Hill last fortnight, it ran into fog and head winds in both the House and the Senate. On six bills the Administration suffered telling setbacks, all of them affecting major Eisenhower policies. The six:

Health Insurance. The biggest blow was the House defeat of the President's request for a \$25 million reinsurance fund to back up non-Government health insurance plans, e.g., Blue Cross and similar organizations. This was an important item: a week before the bill reached the House, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Oveta Culp Hobby, after being introduced by the President, plunged it in a nationwide broadcast from the White House. G.O.P. leaders had expected the bill to pass easily. But when the votes were counted, 162 Democrats, 75 Republicans and Ohio's Independent Fraizer Reams had joined in recommitting it.

A strange combination of factors contributed to the defeat: 1) the American Medical Association opposed the bill on the grounds that it meant more "Federal Government control"; 2) the C.I.O. opposed it because it was "inadequate"; 3) a number of Republicans opposed it simply to show their independence of able, vigorous Majority Leader Charlie Halleck, who has been skillfully steering the Eisenhower program through the House. A minor revolt had been brewing against Halleck for some time, primarily because he had pushed House Republicans so hard on the tax and farm programs; the health insurance plan looked like only a rela-



GENERALS RIDGWAY, JIRA & SRISDI
Dikes against the tide.

U.S. Army—International

tively important bill and also a chance to spit in Charlie's eye.

Social Security. Going against the President's wishes, the Senate Finance Committee decided to make social security voluntary for physicians, dentists, lawyers, farmers and other self-employed groups. The Administration bill, already passed by the House, made coverage compulsory for all these groups except physicians.

Subversives. Two Administration bills designed to tighten U.S. security were piochholed. The President wanted laws giving the Government authority to 1) bar suspected spies from defense plants, and 2) dissolve Communist-led unions and other organizations. The House Judiciary Committee killed the bills, called for more study.

Appropriations. The House Appropriations Committee, in its most rebellious mood of this session, recommended a 39% cut in a \$2 billion supplemental appropriations bill. If the House adopts the committee recommendation, the biggest losers will be military public works, civil defense, merchant shipbuilding and hospital construction.

Housing. A conference committee of the House and Senate authorized 35,000 new housing units during the next fiscal year, but five members of the committee said even this could not be attained. Reason: the bill provides that housing can be built only to replace structures torn down in slum clearance and urban redevelopment plans.

At week's end the Eisenhower program was bruised and shaken up, but still moving forward. Both the program and the Congress had a long way to go. Last week Congress also:

¶ Voted, in the Senate, to set up a system of liberalized loans (up to \$15,000) and credit for drought-stricken farmers and cattlemen. Some pressing drought conditions: Georgia may lose 75% of its corn crop, 50% of its tobacco crop; farmers in irrigation districts of West Texas and New Mexico, needing three acre-feet of water, have been allotted five inches.

¶ Approved, in a Senate-House conference committee, a tax deduction of up to \$600 a year for parents for the expense of caring for their children while they work. Cost to the government: \$130 million.

THE PRESIDENCY

The Facts of Life

Dwight Eisenhower, usually punctual and usually smiling on such occasions, was late and crisply serious when he walked into the Indian Treaty Room of the old State Department Building for his press conference last week. The reporters, 133 strong, had waited 30 minutes while Ike studied messages from John Foster Dulles in Paris and kept congressional leaders in an overtime strategy huddle at the White House.

The President announced that President Syngman Rhee would arrive in Washington on July 26 to talk about the failure of the Geneva Conference to unify Korea,



MAJORITY LEADER HALLECK
Fog and storms ahead.

gave the newsmen a little lecture about the importance of his omnibus tax-reform bill, and threw the conference open to questions. As the reporters tried to draw him out on what was going on in Paris, he parried the questions in general terms.

The People Lost. But when domestic issues cropped up, the President plainly showed how upset he was at the cavalier treatment some of his proposals were getting in Congress. Asked to comment on the House's action in killing the Administration's health-reinsurance plan, the President stared ahead for a moment, his mouth turned sternly down. As he answered, his fist drummed the desk, his voice rose angrily. Clearly indicating that he regards his health plan as the last barrier against socialized medicine, Ike warned that the public was going to get better care one way or the other. Said he: "I am sure that the people that voted against this bill just don't understand what are the facts of American life. I don't consider that anyone lost yesterday except the American people . . . This is only a temporary defeat; this thing will be carried forward as long as I am in office."

The Faded Bloom. The President's displeasure was again plainly evident when he was asked whether he thought the Senate Agriculture Committee's vote to raise butter price supports from 75 to 85% of parity would cut consumption. The committee, he said, had made a grave error. Butter consumption had increased 7% after Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson cut price supports to 75% of parity. Now, the committee had wiped out most of the reason for that increase.

Only a fortnight ago, Ike had been pleased with the progress his program was making in Congress, and had a word for its prospects: rosy. Last week the bloom was clearly off the rose, and Dwight

Eisenhower was uncommonly vigorous in scolding Congress.

Last week the President also:

¶ Traveled to Pennsylvania State University with Mamie to attend the funeral of Helen Eisenhower, wife of the President's brother, Dr. Milton Eisenhower.

¶ Signed Senate Bill 579, a measure to allow Chinese-born Wong You Henn to stay in the U.S. despite the fact that he could not prove he is the son of a naturalized citizen, now dead. The bill was one of the last sponsored by Ike's good friend and faithful majority leader, Robert Alphonse Taft.

¶ Patiently posed (separately) for pictures with eleven G.O.P. Congressmen facing tough or marginal election contests this year.

¶ Signed, while Composer Irving Berlin and wife looked on, a bill authorizing a gold medal for Berlin's work in composing *God Bless America* and other patriotic songs. Asked what the President said to him, Berlin said: "I was so emotionally filled up I don't remember."

THE ADMINISTRATION Fixing the Ceiling

Without benefit of bulletins or headlines, one of the biggest battles of the 83rd Congress was being noiselessly fought out last week in urgent conferences. At the Treasury Department and on Capitol Hill, Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey and Senate finance leaders were arguing about the \$275 billion ceiling on the national debt.

It is not a new problem. A year ago Humphrey warned Congress that the ceiling had to go up. He asked that it be raised to \$290 billion. The House promptly voted the increase, but the Senate, under pressure from Virginia's economy-minded Harry Byrd, declined to act. Humphrey managed to stay under the limit last year, but he told the reluctant Senators last week that the problem is worse this year: there is no more slack to be taken up.

Within the next two weeks, Treasury will issue \$3.5 billion worth of 1% tax-anticipation certificates, pushing the debt to nearly \$274,500,000,000. Between now and the first of the year, a period when tax collections are lowest, the Treasury will have to go deeper into the red. Humphrey estimates that the debt will climb to \$280 billion before heavy tax collections in January pull it down.

George Humphrey was not demanding that the Senate follow the lead of the House and vote the full increase he asked last year. He named some alternatives: 1) authorize a smaller increase in the debt limit; 2) apply the debt ceiling only at the end of a fiscal year, thus allowing for seasonal peaks; 3) redefine the type of debt subject to the ceiling; 4) take tax-anticipation certificates out from under the ceiling. But the Secretary of the Treasury was insisting on one basic point: the Senators will have to fix the ceiling, one way or another, before they go home.

THE LAW

The Right to Draw Inferences

In Los Angeles superior court last week, Judge Ellsworth Meyer answered a question that has been exciting Hollywood for three years. The question: May movie producers "blacklist" actors and writers who duck behind the Fifth Amendment and refuse to answer questions about past or present Communist associations? Judge Meyer's unequivocal answer: yes.

With that ruling, Judge Meyer threw out of court a \$51,750,000 damage suit brought by 23 actors and writers against 16 film studios, 20 top Hollywood executives (Samuel Goldwyn *et al.*) and three motion-picture trade groups. In 1951 the House Un-American Activities Committee questioned 18 of the 23 about Communism, and they refused to answer. The other five boldly ignored the committee's subpoenas. All were blacklisted. Each of the 23, including Oscar-winning Actresses Gale Sondergaard and Anne Revere and



MRS. THORNE

MANNERS & MORALS

The Tragedy of Monty Thorne

Montgomery Ward Thorne seemed to have everything. He grew up with a \$4,200 model railroad, a collection of guns, a speedboat and an Oldsmobile convertible. If he had reached his 21st birthday next October, he would have come into a fortune. His father, Gordon Thorne, a hard-drinking heir of a Montgomery Ward & Co. founder, had left his fourth wife and their son Monty \$3,000,000 in trust. But Monty's life was full of unhappiness, and his death was full of horror.

Nine Neat Marks. Early last month, after his freshman year at Fordham University, Thorne drove home to Chicago, but he did not go to his mother's 15-room East Lake Shore Drive apartment. Instead, he went to a dingy hotel, and then moved into a tiny, raffish apartment in Chicago's bohemia. A few days later, on June 19, his body was found there abed, with blood-flecked lips and, on his arms,



CASKET & CORONER (IN BOW TIE)
A life full of unhappiness, a death full of horror.

On the other hand, police, who first neglected to seal his apartment, later found therein: a marijuana cigarette, a red heroin capsule, two hypodermic needles (one taped above a closet door), a blood-splattered towel and a white nylon girdle embroidered with pink flowers. In the past 18 months, it turned out, young Thorne had checked in 24 times at a cheap hotel, always alone, usually under false names but only twice with luggage. He had not lived at home since he was 18.

The allowance for his support ran to \$1,900 monthly—and he spent \$2,500 on a two-week European trip last year. But he was so broke that sometimes he sold a pint of blood for \$10. He ran up big bills at clothing stores, but his wardrobe was small; some said he peddled clothing to buy dope. Although he died with a nearly empty wallet, an open fight soon developed over the fortune.

Two Last Wills. In true Chicago style, Cook County's Coroner Walter McCarron, a politician and trucker with no medical



FIANCEE RAGEN

Oscar-winning Writer Michael Wilson demanded \$2,250,000 in "damages for loss of employment opportunity" and \$1,000,000 in punitive damages.

Judge Meyer pointed out that Government workers, by specific law, must be fired if they resort to the Fifth Amendment. "It would be an anomalous result," he said, "if . . . those not in public service could enjoin or recover damages from" firms which merely adopt the Government's rule to their own business. The Judge concluded that the movie industry and the public would be entitled to draw "unfavorable inferences" from the plaintiffs' refusal to testify. Said he: "It would be unrealistic to say that the . . . employers, who are dependent upon the public for the continuance of their businesses, would not be 'justified under the circumstances' in making an agreement not to employ this group of plaintiffs. Their economic interest is self-evident."

nine neat punctures like a drug-addict's needle marks. Four were fresh.

Thorne left behind two startlingly different impressions. His fiancée, Maureen Ragen, 18, a student in Westchester County's Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart (and granddaughter of Chicago's late racing-wire king, James Ragen[®]), sobbed: "He was great and good. He simply had no faults. He didn't drink. Why, he didn't even drink coffee, just milk." The old needle marks were from giving blood, she said, and the fresh ones were "a put-up job." Said a Fordham official: "Young Thorne was a fine athlete, a good student and deeply religious. He served Mass every morning in the school chapel. We would know it here, I assure you, if he had been a drinker or dope user."

Who was mowed down by gangster bullets in 1946, died in a hospital 51 days later after a mysteriously administered dose of mercury.

training, leaped happily into the case—and the headlines. Thorne had made one will leaving everything to his mother. But a second will, made nine days before his death, bequeathed most of the money to pretty Maureen Ragen and her mother, Mrs. Aileen Ragen. Day after day, Coroner McCarron called before the television newsreel cameras the weeping women who loved Thorne—and now seek his inheritance—to cast suspicion on each other.

Mrs. Ragen testified that Thorne was afraid to eat with his mother's lawyer because "something would be put in his soup . . . He said he knew he wouldn't get [his inheritance] because his mother had spent it." Mrs. Marion McDougal Thorne, with mink stole, mourning garb, reddened toenails, and with rosary beads clutched in her hand, replied pointedly: "The boy went in and made a will, and nine days later he's dead—how do you explain that?" Her lawyers had dug up evidence that her

son was a drug addict (and thus perhaps incompetent to change his will); the Ragen lawyers dug up evidence that he was a clean-cut, clean-living lad (legally competent). Bummed Coroner McCarron: "There's some confusion here."

All of McCarron's hubbub made a sensational show, but very little sense. The coroner's physician, Dr. Harry Leon, made the worst mistake: after an autopsy, he reported that Thorne was killed by a mixture of alcohol, morphine and barbiturates. "He died by undue means," said Dr. Leon, clearly implying murder. But four pathologists rejected his report outright: his autopsy proved to be so sketchy that last week, while Coroner McCarron posed alongside with bowed head, Thorne's casket was dug up for a new autopsy.

Even then, doctors doubted that the cause of death could be established. There was little chance that the tragedy of Monty Thorne, in life and in death, would ever be fully explained.

TRIALS

How to Live Big

Nearly everybody in café society liked Jules Lack. A big, gregarious playboy of 45, he spent most of his time hobnobbing with the rich and famous at the bar in "21," the Pump Room, or kindred establishments in New York, Chicago and Miami. Until his wealthy wife divorced him, Big Julie always seemed to have plenty of money. But after the divorce, the story got around that Lack often had to borrow large amounts from friends.

Edith Small liked Big Julie, too, almost from the moment she met him last spring in Miami. After three dates, Edith decided she wanted to marry him. But when she told her husband, back in Detroit, he did not take it well at all. Last week Dentist Kenneth B. Small told how Edith had asked for a divorce, as they sat in their bedroom on the afternoon she got back to Detroit from Florida. "I don't love you anymore," she said. "You don't know how to live. You're small. I want to live big now." Later, she confirmed Small's suspicions: "I might as well tell you, there is another man, Jules Lack. He makes \$55,000 a year. At nightclubs, waiters know where to take him. He knows Leon Henderson. His two children are nicer than ours."

"Do you mean his children are dearer to you than your own?" Dr. Small asked. "Yes," said Edith. "You don't know how to invest. Buy electronic stock and get ten percent." Just to prove she knew how to invest if her husband didn't, Edith gave Jules Lack \$10,000 of her \$125,000 inheritance. He promised to pay her back, with 8% interest, in September.

Pretty Edith, mother of three, continued to meet Jules in Detroit and Chicago, and when he suggested they spend Memorial Day weekend together at a house party, she was willing. After a wild, 200-mile drive across Michigan, Dr. Small caught up with them at a beach cottage near Allegan. Jules was playing cards with



Detroit Times—International

DENTIST SMALL
Two bullets.

two other men when Dr. Small entered the house. "Which one is Lack?" asked the dentist. "I'm Lack," said Big Jules, flashing his warmest smile and extending his glad-hand. Then Dr. Small fired two bullets, and Lack dropped dead.

Last week, in a steaming, overcrowded Allegan courtroom, Dr. Small gave a rambling, weeping, shouting account of how it all happened. Edith, who seemed to relish the publicity, testified in his defense. After five hours of deliberation on the first-degree-murder charge against Dr. Small, the jury brought in its verdict: Not guilty, by reason of insanity. As soon as he can prove he is again rational, Dr. Small will go free.



International
EDITH SMALL
Three dates.

DISASTERS

Rockets over Chestertown

The heritage of easy, unhurried living runs deep in Chestertown, Md. (pop. 3,200). Chestertown's citizens take pride in the stately colonial homes on Water Street overlooking the glassy waters of the Chester River, and in tiny (enrollment: 391) Washington College, which has awarded honorary degrees to Presidents from George Washington to Dwight Eisenhower.

In recent memory, the biggest change for Chestertown came in 1941, when Ford Dealer Philip G. Wilmer started the Kent Manufacturing Co., to make the gadgetry of war—flares, fuses for detonators and military fireworks. "The Defense Plant," as folks called it, brought the town prosperity, but they worried a little about its site, three blocks from the campus, four from the business district. Already there had been two or three small explosions that did not hurt anyone.

Terror's Strength. Last week 18-year-old Fannie Robbins and four other women were working at a drying tunnel in the Defense Plant's "B" Building Annex. Part of an order of 12 million M-80 firecrackers, used by the Army to condition troops to noise, had taken on moisture and had to be warmed by the tunnel's fluorescent light. Fannie was putting firecrackers in the tunnel. Suddenly there was a "great big flash of light." Bits of glass flew into Fannie's eyes, but she managed to grope her way out.

When the explosion came, Kent's President Phil Wilmer was in his office. He ran outside just in time to see the second and worst explosion blast "B" Building's roof into the sky, as shrieking women streamed from under its crumbling walls. Wilmer picked up a bleeding, weeping woman, carried her to the plant gate.

The explosion's chain reaction reached 25 of the plant's 57 sheds and shacks, and all eight of the big wooden buildings. Packets of firecrackers shot aloft and burst in the air. As Kent's 300 workers, three-quarters of them women, ran for their lives, many of them crashed into the encircling wire fence. Some rebounded toward the single open gate; others climbed over; still others, with terror's unnatural strength, uprooted the fence and crawled under. Worker Mildred Reed dashed from the fiery plant with an armload of detonators, was knocked down ten times by flying splinters, but clung irrationally to her burden.

Frenzy's Snarl. Successive blasts jolted Chestertown for a full 50 minutes; then, for four hours, rockets sporadically whistled skyward and briefly flashed. Some townfolk had seen a jet plane, or two, or three, flying over seconds before the first detonation. Others watched the grey cloud rise from the plant and thought it looked mushroom-shaped. Mothers gathered their children, put the little ones into baby buggies and trundled them through traffic across the Chester River Bridge. There Chestertown's southbound refugees tan-

gled with rescuers headed north—civil defense disaster units, firemen and police from neighboring towns, the Air Force, Navy and Marine Corps, the Salvation Army, the Red Cross and the National Guard.

Finally, Chestertown set about unsnarling traffic and counting the explosion's toll. Fifty were injured, five of them seriously. And on the concrete floor of the National Guard Armory's basement lay eleven scorched and mangled bundles, identified as one man and ten women, including Fannie Robbins' four co-workers from "B" Building Annex.

ORGANIZATIONS

Heated Exchange

As its basic purpose, the National Exchange Club (about 1,500 chapters with 100,000 members) seeks to promote "an exchange of ideas." Last week Exchange's biggest state, California (165 chapters and 6,000 members), was in an uproar over some ideas which national headquarters found unexchangeable.

In Menlo Park, near San Francisco, the local Exchange Club two years ago initiated a Shanghai-born, Stanford-trained engineering executive: Robert U. M. Ting, 35. The Stockton chapter took in Richard Wong, 40, a San Francisco-born gift-shop operator, after hearing a speech on his wartime service as a U.S. Army liaison officer with the Chinese Nationalists. Both were popular; Wong served for a year as president of the Stockton Exchange Club. But when national headquarters in Toledo heard about Ting and Wong, it demanded their expulsion. Reason: Exchange's charter limits membership to "male, white business and professional men."

Furious about the demand from Toledo, Menlo Park voted 30 to 1 to give up its charter. Stockton, which voted 31 to 2 to defy the order, was suspended. The members of both chapters were invited to join the Lions, Rotary and other service clubs. Last week San Francisco's Golden Gate Exchange Club, the largest in California, which has only white members, decided to quit the national organization and to plan a regional revolt at a meeting this week of delegates from other California chapters. Said Golden Gate's President Mark Nusbaum: "Racial discrimination is un-American."

Toledo, Exchange's national secretary—broad, greying Herold Harter, who organized it almost single-handed nearly 40 years ago and runs it much the same way—roared angrily: "What in hell is all this fuss about a Chinaman in Menlo Park?" Harter, who is proud of Exchange's sponsorship of citizenship programs and Constitution Week, insisted: "We haven't got anything against Chinese or Negroes or any other race. They're just not eligible . . . Why in hell haven't you got the right to choose with whom you and your wife can associate?" As for the Golden Gate chapter, which led a losing fight two years ago to change the all-white policy, he snapped: "It's 95% Jewish."

LABOR

A Man Who Understands

At K-25, the \$650 million plant in Oak Ridge, Tenn., production of Uranium 235 for atomic and hydrogen bombs has never stopped for a second since the process first began ten years ago. In the 44-acre building, which uses as much power as New York City, thousands of motors pump fiercely corrosive gases through endless microscopic filters in a steady surging flow. No one knows what would happen if the process stopped. Last fortnight, the Atomic Energy Commission feared that a strike of 3,500 employees might cause a ruinous stoppage. But the strike was quickly settled. Last week it became clear that most credit for the

bad relations with K-25's operator, Union Carbide & Carbon. Next day he checked the AEC and company officials, who rejected the terms but promised to take up the grievances.

Conference & Study. When Mitchell telephoned Reuther to say that the union terms were too stiff, he was asked up to Reuther's Statler Hotel room. At 2:30 p.m., he arrived and worked out an agreement to arrange 1) union-AEC conferences on community facilities for atomic workers, and 2) an AEC study to improve collective bargaining. At 6:15 p.m., hands were shaken all around; in a special Air Force plane, Swisher flew to Oak Ridge for a back-to-work meeting.

At 5 a.m. next day, Swisher called Mitchell: K-25's employees were back at work. Twelve hours later, workers at a secondary plant in Paducah, Ky., were back on the job, and the first actual production strike in AEC history was over.*

This week at K-25, as always since its beginning, the gaseous uranium flowed endlessly, with full crews at work and no fear of breakdown. In Washington the C.I.O.'s Swisher said, with a slight note of surprise: "I think he [Mitchell] understands and appreciates the problems of people who work for a living." Said Mitchell, who clerked in a store, worked in a factory, and went through Depression layoffs before he became a labor specialist: "It is much sounder that people voluntarily go back to work than if they are forced back by an injunction."



Ed Burks—FORTUNE
SECRETARY MITCHELL
K-25 flowed on.

settlement belonged to one man: Secretary of Labor James Mitchell.

Hurry & Anxiety. Four hours after the strike began, the White House asked Mitchell to round up a fact-finding board, paving the way for a Taft-Hartley injunction. Big Jim Mitchell, recognized as one of the country's top labor-relations men (for New York's Macy's and Bloomingdale's) before he went to Washington, lined up the board. But he did more: he called C.I.O. General Counsel Art Goldberg to talk settlement.

At Mitchell's request, Goldberg called Oak Ridge to sound out Elwood Swisher, president of the striking C.I.O. Gas, Coke & Chemical Workers Union. Next day while the fact-finding board hurriedly began hearings and anxious supervisors kept K-25 bubbling, Swisher flew to Washington to see C.I.O. President Walter Reuther. At 7:30 p.m., Reuther called Mitchell for a conference; they met at the Labor Department. Until 2 a.m. Mitchell listened to the union's aims and grievances (poor housing and community facilities,

POLITICAL NOTES

The Attorney General

In the Jefferson County jail in Birmingham one day last week, sheriff's deputies booked, mugged and fingerprinted an unusual prisoner: Alabama's Attorney General Silas Garrett, 41. Garrett's arrest, on an indictment for vote fraud in the June 1 Democratic primary, was another installment in one of the worst political scandals in Alabama history.

Murder in Phenix City. A few days after Reformer Albert L. Patterson won the Democratic nomination (which means election) for attorney general on June 1, a Jefferson County grand jury began investigating the possibility that someone had altered vote tallies in an attempt to defeat Patterson. Nominee Patterson, who had campaigned on a promise to shut down gambling and other vice in his wicked home town of Phenix City (pop. 23,000), prepared to testify before the grand jury. Before he could do so, he was murdered by a gunman in a Phenix City parking lot (TIME, June 28). Patterson's son John took his place as the nominee, and Governor Gordon Persons*

* Last week's wildcat strike by 6,000 A.F.L. building workers slowed new construction at Oak Ridge but did not affect production.

+ Democratic brother of Major General (ret.) "Jerry" Persons, legislative assistant to President Eisenhower.

shut down Phenix City gambling halls and honky-tonks.

Garrett, who cannot succeed himself in office, but who had backed an opponent of Albert Patterson, set out to investigate the murder. As his investigation got under way, he was brought before the vote fraud grand jury, grilled for 10½ hours. Eventually the jury indicted him and two other politicians for attempting to fix the primary in which the late Lawyer Patterson was nominated.

"A Very Sick Man." After he testified before the grand jury, Garrett dropped out of the public eye. Then, one day, Garrett's father, Judge Coma Garrett Jr., finally revealed where his son had gone: to John Sealy Hospital in Galveston, Texas for psychiatric care. Said Judge Garrett: his son's physician believed he was a "very sick man mentally." The judge also gave Alabamans the disquieting news that their attorney general had spent two months of his term (August and September 1953) in the Sealy Hospital undergoing mental care.

Last week, after he posted bond, Attorney General Garrett denied his father's statements about his mental condition. But Circuit Solicitor Emmett Perry filed a lunacy petition against the attorney general so that a court could pass on his mental condition, thus preventing it from becoming an issue in the vote-fraud trial. Two days later, just across the Mississippi state line near Waynesboro, Garrett's car plunged off the highway. His neck was broken, one elbow fractured and his left ear almost torn off. But doctors said the attorney general of Alabama will live to stand trial.

The Wells Dried Up

After the last dollar was spent in Oklahoma's Democratic senatorial primary, U.S. Senator Robert Kerr turned in a report of his personal campaign expenses to the state election board. The amount: \$2,675. The board was awaiting a report from former Governor Roy Turner, who ran nearly 30,000 votes behind Kerr (*TIME*, July 19), but Oklahomans knew that his total would be no more than \$3,000, because state law limits individual campaign expenses to that amount.

Actually, Oklahoma observers estimated that about \$1,000,000 was spent in Kerr's campaign. Most of it was disbursed through the device of Kerr-for-Senate Clubs. The campaign of Turner, who had his own clubs, cost about half a million. When Turner started telephoning his friends last week to talk about the forthcoming runoff primary, he found his outside financial sources pretty well dried up. Furious, he charged that "deluges of money" had been spent to defeat him, and that "pressure" had prevented many of his friends from advancing more funds.

The same day, Turner announced his withdrawal from the runoff, virtually handing the Senate seat to Kerr. Roy Turner, only a millionaire, had decided that he could not match campaign dollars with Multimillionaire Bob Kerr.

HIGHWAYS

Route I to Tomorrow

Thirty-five years ago this month, Secretary of War Newton D. Baker bade Godspeed to a convoy of 65 Army trucks leaving Washington on a daring transcontinental trek to prove that the gasoline engine had really replaced the mule. With the motor train rode a young Army observer, Lieut. Dwight D. Eisenhower. When the trucks crawled into San Francisco on Sept. 5, after 60 days and 6,000 breakdowns, the lieutenant was a confirmed advocate of an adequate, all-weather U.S. road system.

This year 66 million Americans, riding in 22 million automobiles, will take to the highways (most of them this month and

Less poignant than the highway casualty lists, but still a perilous fault of the highway network, is its increasing failure to nourish the nation's economic life. Highways form a major circulatory system for U.S. industry and agriculture; when they become worn out and clogged with automotive arteriosclerosis, as they have in the past 15 years, the economy suffers. In the same vein, the Vice President pointed out, the country's roads would present "appalling inadequacies" in time of war or catastrophe.

Behind the Load. All the governors knew that U.S. road building, slowed down during World War II, has never caught up with the growing traffic load, which has been building up at the rate of one million vehicle registrations each year in the last



TRAFFIC JAM IN PENNSYLVANIA
Auto-arteriosclerosis has set in.

Standard Oil Co., N.J.

next), traveling an average 1,200 miles in eleven vacation days, staying at 50,000 motor courts, and spend \$10 billion as they go. The superhighways they will travel are a far cry from the primitive roads that Lieut. Eisenhower and his companions bumped along 35 years ago, but they are still inadequate to the times and to the nation's needs, and growing more so every year. Last week, in recognition of that fact, Dwight Eisenhower proposed a bold program of road building and improvement, including, for the first time in Federal planning, a national panacea for the parking problem. Estimated cost: \$50 billion over the next ten years.

1,340,000 Casualties. The President's plan was presented to the 1954 Governors' Conference at Bolton Landing, N.Y. by Vice President Richard Nixon. The need for an up-to-date road system, Nixon said, is dramatically evident in the annual statistics of highway deaths and injuries (1,340,000 in 1953, or nearly 20 times the total casualties in the first year of the Korean war).

But their first reaction to the President's plan was to shy like startled fawns. Some feared that it would mean federal absorption of the existing \$4 billion-a-year federal and state highway program. The fact is that the President's "grand plan," as stated, would augment existing programs. Others were alarmed at the prospect of such a vast spending of federal funds. Actually, the President hopes the program will be largely self-liquidating in the long run, possibly through road tolls and gasoline taxes, and the states would share planning and authority, and probably the initial costs, with the Federal Government.

After hurried checking with the White House, the governors calmed down, agreed to cooperate and to give the President the benefit of their recommendations by next December. By February, after a series of regional conferences, President Eisenhower expects to have his long-range program plotted out and ready to move ahead at top speed as soon as Congress flashes a green light.

FOREIGN NEWS

COLD WAR

The Deadline

Right up to the last minute of the last hour, France's energetic little Premier Pierre Mendès-France was determined not to lose his nerve. He expected trouble, and got it. "They will keep up the war of nerves until the end," he predicted, "perhaps until half an hour before midnight Tuesday, reckoning I shall weaken under pressure."

But the hand of time lay on the Communists, too—as Mendès-France had planned it should. They could destroy him, and knew it. He left no doubt that he would carry out his pledge of resigna-

wanted to make it clear that he was not a "peace-at-any-price" man.

Mendès was blunt. He told Dulles that France had lost the war in Indo-China. Since neither the U.S. nor Britain was willing to intervene with ground forces to alter that fact, he felt that his allies should support him in getting the best settlement that he could. If the U.S. stayed away, he told Dulles, the Communists would conclude that the U.S. had deserted France, and would demand stiffer terms than he could accept. If no settlement was reached, all the world would blame the U.S.

Dulles was impressed with the position, and the man. After 24 hours of hectic

up his desk in the garden, received visitors singly without an aide and, when possible, without an interpreter, glancing at his watch as he talked. Thursday night Mendès invited Molotov to dinner. After the meal the two men went out alone into the garden, where a huge map of Indo-China was spread on a table. Their advisers were left behind in the house; only two interpreters stood by.

By Lamplight. The two men leaned over the table, their faces lit eerily by a red-shaded lamp planted on the map. While Soviet secret service men padded invisibly at the bottom of the dark garden, the two men talked grimly until 1:30 a.m. Molotov's cigarette glowed angrily. Neither gave an inch. Molotov said the Viet Minh territory should extend to the 14th parallel because "their soldiers can take that much." He sneered at suggestions that the French should keep Haiphong. Elections must be held within three months of a cease-fire—"that is, if we are talking as true democrats."

In that session, Mendès came to know the Molotov whom more experienced Western diplomats have come to know and hate. Temporarily, Mendès showed his first signs of depression. But next day, he was hustling again. He talked with China's Chou En-lai, won a tentative concession from Molotov to delay elections one year after a cease-fire.

Mendès had put the problem up to the Communists before the eyes of the whole world. By bringing Smith back to Geneva, by demonstrating to the world France's willingness to compromise, he had forced his first signs of depression. But next day, he was hustling again. He talked with China's Chou En-lai, won a tentative concession from Molotov to delay elections one year after a cease-fire.

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MOLOTOV & MENDES-FRANCE
One cigarette in the dark.

International

tion if there was no cease-fire by July 20. His very effectiveness, as a man who held promise of giving France firm leadership, might well make the Communists decide that here was a man they would do well to destroy. They did not lack pretexts. But if they failed to accept peace from a man pledged to give them peace, they risked alienating India and the Asian countries which still had their illusions about Communist good faith. And, in turning on Mendès-France, they might face an aroused France and a renewal of war in Indo-China.

Blunt Man. In the last busy week, Mendès' first concern was to strengthen his own hand. He cajoled John Foster Dulles as far as Paris, made a hectic flying visit from Geneva to Paris (accompanied by Britain's admiring Anthony Eden) to meet him. Mendès did not stand on protocol. He rushed right over to the U.S. embassy to see Dulles. He

and earnest talk, Mendès returned to Geneva with Dulles' promise to send Bellard Smith back to Geneva.

Mendès plunged ahead with a new confidence. Before, he had let it be known that he would consider partition of Viet Nam at the 16th parallel (the Communists demanded the 14th). But on his return, he proposed division at the 18th (see map, p. 22), which is 140 miles to the north of his first boundary. "The American signature is surely worth a parallel or two," he told Viet Minh Foreign Minister Pham Van Dong cheerfully.

The 18th parallel would save Tourane, some vital air bases, and the on./ free road to Laos from the sea. As compensation, he was willing to give the Communists an enclave south of the 18th, but wanted a bridgehead at Haiphong (he had no hope of holding Hanoi).

All day long, visitors streamed to Mendès' villa six miles outside Geneva. He set

GREAT BRITAIN

One Long Whine

Like a fiery djinn, the hydrogen bomb hung over the House of Commons, shaping every speech, tingeing every mind. Reporting on his "diplomatic weekend" in Washington, Churchill admitted that the H-bomb had been the reason for it. He had been astonished and shocked at its devastating power. He had learned about it only last February from a speech by a U.S. Congressman.⁶

Churchill's prime achievement in Washington, he thought, was Eisenhower's statement that "the hope of the world lies in peaceful coexistence," which, nevertheless, "must not lead to appeasement that compels any nation to submit to foreign domination." Cried Churchill: "What a vast ideological gulf there is between the

⁶ New York's W. Sterling Cole, chairman of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, speaking to a Chicago convention of sand, gravel and ready-mixed concrete dealers.

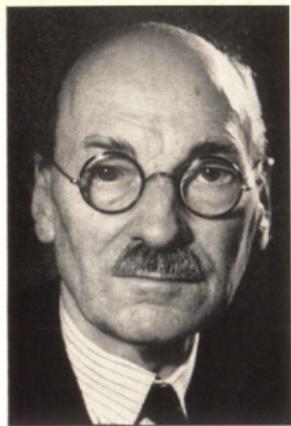
idea of peaceful coexistence vigilantly safeguarded, and the mood of forcibly extirpating the Communist fallacy and heresy . . . This statement is a recognition of the appalling character which war has now assumed and that its fearful consequences go even beyond the difficulties and dangers of dwelling side by side with Communist states."

The Test Is China. Two days later, the diplomatic galleries were jammed, queues lengthened into the street, as Clement Attlee opened a foreign policy debate for Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition.

With his old-fashioned gold spectacles planted firmly on his nose, Socialist Attlee spoke in his flat, toneless voice. The friendship of the U.S. was essential, he said. But "if there are differences, they should be stated." His theme was that vigorous U.S. policies in Asia might rile the touchy Communists and set off a world war with H-bombs. Said Attlee: "We are as anti-Communist as the U.S. . . . We oppose aggression, we oppose Communist infiltration tactics; we recognize the need for adequate strength; but we stand for peaceful coexistence."

The test, said Attlee, is "the attitude towards China." Why are settlements so difficult in Korea and Indo-China? Because "at the back of their minds, the Chinese regard it as an imperialistic attack upon them." If the U.S. would recognize Red China's right to sit in the U.N., and turn over Formosa as a trusteeship, the Chinese fears would be set at rest, he implied, and settlements would come as a matter of course.

"I can understand perfectly the American fear of militant Communism and of possible Chinese aggression throughout Asia," said Attlee, as if the Chinese invasion of North Korea were a figment of American imagination. But, he added in the most astonishing remark of the day,



Jitendra Arya—Fix
ATTLEE
A matter of taste.

"here is a revolutionary government which is undoubtedly supported by the mass of the people . . . The Communists have offered China Nationalism and the land.

"There is no doubt an obligation to Chiang Kai-shek," Attlee said. "However, he is getting an old man now⁶ and he commands aging forces. I think it is time that they, the leaders, were pensioned off, and I believe the mass of the ranks and file would be glad to return to China." Attlee dismissed any suggestion that Mao Tse-tung's China was "a mere tool" of Soviet Russia: "When one is in a difficulty like that, one is apt to seek the nearest help. The U.S. revolution was very glad of the help of Republican France, though no one suggests that Washington and Jefferson approved of the Terror in Paris."[†]

The Guatemala Putsch. Attlee had other complaints. He wanted an immediate meeting with Malenkov on the hydrogen bomb—"It is no good putting this thing off." And he was incensed about Guatemala. "The fact is that this was a plain matter of aggression, and one cannot take one line on aggression in Asia and another line in Central America. I confess I was rather shocked at the joy and approval of the American Secretary of State at the success of this *putsch* . . . There was a principle involved, and that principle was the responsibility of the United Nations. I think it was a mistake in those circumstances to try to hand it over to a regional body . . . Guatemala has left a rather unpleasant taste in one's mouth because, to illustrate the theme I was putting, it seems in some instances

⁶ Chiang is 66, Attlee 71.

[†] The Frame of Louis XVI helped the 13 colonies win their independence; the French revolution came six years after the 13 colonies made peace, the Terror ten years after.

that the acceptance of the principles of the United Nations is subordinated to a hatred of Communism."

Socialist Attlee sat down to a flurry of congratulations from his own party. The tone of his speech had forestalled even Nye Bevan, who afterward admitted to friends, "Clem said all I would have said."

Area of Agreement. Churchill lumbered to his feet to reply: "My general impression of his speech was that it was one long whine of criticism against the U.S. ["Scandalous," cried a Labor M.P.] and, of course, of advancing the importance not of the virtues of Communist China ["Nonsense," cried Laborites]."

Then Winston Churchill began agreeing with Attlee, Bevan & Co.

"In principle one cannot conceive that China would be forever excluded from the U.N.," he said, but it cannot be admitted just now when it is still "technically" at war with the U.N. in Korea, and "when it is at this moment going to achieve a resounding triumph by the success of the stimulated war in Indo-China." Churchill agreed, too, that he did not "see any reason why at some subsequent date Formosa should not be treated in the manner" suggested by Attlee.

Though Labor members had approved of Attlee's criticisms of the U.S., they resented Churchill's suggestion that they were basically anti-American. In the debate that followed, speaker after speaker from both sides emphasized the importance of U.S.-British alliance. Cried Laborite S. N. Evans roundly: "Do not let us forget that EDC and the American bases and NATO and the hydrogen bomb are not the causes of international tension: they are the end product, the inevitable consequence of Stalin's postwar madman's dream of a new Communist Roman Empire . . . Without American military and industrial strength . . . the



Associated Press
MAO TSE-TUNG
A matter of history.
CHIANG KAI-SHEK
A matter of years.



Eastfoto

U.N. organization would be dead; there would be no Geneva negotiations and there would be little hope of peace anywhere in the world."

Scarcely a Bevanite raised a voice. But at week's end, Nye himself was heard. Churchill, as War Secretary in 1919, had tried to stop the Russian revolution by armed intervention and by starving it out, and now he was trying to do the same thing with the Chinese revolution, he charged. "Churchill is as stupid in 1954" as he was then, cried Bevan. "We shall bring upon us a third and last world war by not realizing that you cannot do anything with these revolutionaries except to work with them, help them through their difficulties, and not make it necessary for them to oppress their own people."

Steady Customer

Sir Winston Churchill stood at the House of Commons bar recently, having a drink with an old journalist friend. Asked Churchill: "What are they saying about me these days?"

"Well, quite frankly, quite a few of



Associated Press

U.S. & SOVIET SOLDIERS FIGHTING FLOOD WATERS
Collision in the Alps, rescue from the air.

your Conservative friends are saying that it would be a good thing for the party if you were to resign some time fairly soon," replied the journalist.

Churchill glanced around the bar: "You know, as I look at this room and think back over my long association with this House, I think that this is a pretty good pub." Britain's great man, thinking of the English publican's insistent cry at closing time when reluctant customers must be urged out into the night, gazed dreamily at the ceiling and added: "And as I look at the faces in the House, I wonder why I should leave this pub until someone says, 'Time, please'—in somewhat stronger accents than those of my friends to whom you have been speaking."

DISASTERS

The Danube Overflows

The snow in the Alps was unprecedented; there was more of it on the ground in July than at Christmastime. Then, in a meteorological freak, a cold air mass from the north collided over the Alps with a moisture-laden warm air mass from the south, and the resultant rain and snow were more than any river system could handle. The worst Danube flood since the 16th century was on.

In Bavaria and western Austria, rain fell steadily for two weeks. The Inn, Traun, Enns and Ilz Rivers, swollen and heavy with flotsam, emptied into the surging Danube. At points of confluence, Passau and Linz, there was catastrophe. At Linz, in three days, the Danube doubled in width and tripled in depth, forcing 15,000 people to leave their homes. At Passau the river stage was 40 feet, 22 inches higher than the previous record of 1862.

Almost every city along the Austrian length of the Danube was partly under water, damage to adjoining cropland was

estimated at \$20 million, and 200 bridges were out. On the German-Austrian border a dam was blown up to prevent further flooding, and at one spot on the Danube, the bodies of 200 deer, 300 rabbits and 800 pheasants were washed ashore.

At least 17 people lost their lives. It might have been much worse but for the prompt help of the U.S. Army's 4,000-man disaster team, which rescued 300 by helicopter, evacuated thousands of others in amphibian trucks and 150 assault boats. In Germany, G.I.s worked alongside 5,000 Bavarian policemen and 3,000 frontier guards for a week, fighting the floods. In Bonn, Konrad Adenauer and his Cabinet voted to thank the helpful Americans. Wired Adenauer: "The German pop-

ulation is filled with deep gratitude."

At the U.S. Air Force base at Tulln,

near Vienna, 40 airmen rode boldly into the Soviet zone to help the local population bolster dikes. Later, Red army soldiers joined in. For two days they labored side by side, hardly speaking to each other, but doing a common job.

WESTERN GERMANY

Something for Adenauer

One evening last week the U.S. and British Ambassadors to France hurried to the Quai d'Orsay with an urgent message; the next morning the British High Commissioner to West Germany strode into Palais Schaumburg and interrupted an Adenauer Cabinet session with the same news. After waiting more than two years for France to make up its mind on EDC, the U.S. and Britain had decided to go it without France, at least part of the way. Unless France acts on EDC before its Parliament quits for the summer (around Aug. 15), Washington and London would give West Germany the self-government it deserves and demands, without waiting for a decision on German rearmament under EDC.

This said Sir Winston Churchill to the House of Commons, is not a threat to Ally France, but an assist to another ally, Germany. "The Federal Republic of Germany is willing and anxious to cooperate with the Western world, and it is right that she should do so on a footing of equality."

Ultimatum. The idea of tying Bonn's sovereignty to the EDC treaty had been France's in the first place, designed to bring about German rearmament without a revival of German militarism. Bonn would get self-government only by simultaneously agreeing to put its armed forces under supra-national command. But while Bonn gave its assent, France fiddled with its approval, and left Chancellor Konrad Adenauer exposed to increasingly dangerous attacks at home for failing to win sovereignty for his people.

To some Frenchmen the new proposal was another ultimatum to force French approval of EDC, but Sir Winston soothingly indicated that if France would only join in granting West German sovereignty, the U.S. and Britain would be willing to forget rearming Germany "for the time being." (And of course until Aug. 15, France still has the option of ratifying EDC, in which case the linked treaties would simultaneously go into effect.)

What if the French refused either to pass EDC or to grant West Germany its sovereignty? Germany, already divided between East and West, would be split into three: a technically sovereign Soviet satellite in the East, a free area in the U.S.-British zone, and a French-occupied area. If it really wanted to be mischievous, France could create difficulties over the U.S. lines of communication to Germany, which begin in French ports. This might embarrass Germany and the U.S., but it would not help France any.

Counting the House. Last week the Mendès-France government was still too busy with its No. 1 preoccupation—Geneva—to give a considered answer to the U.S.-British proposal. Mendès-France has already promised, if he survives his July 20 deadline, to go before the National Assembly with some kind of proposal on EDC. Why not simply submit the EDC treaty as it is? John Foster Dulles asked him last week. Because it would not pass, replied Mendès. Dulles (who has relied on the consistently over-optimistic U.S. embassy estimates) said his information was to the contrary. Thereupon Mendès went down the roster of the Assembly to prove his case.

Mendès still intends to put something before the Assembly. But now at last, Konrad Adenauer does not have to stake his future on the whim of the French Parliament.

Joseph in the Lions' Den

Joseph Hajek, a 21-year-old refugee from Czechoslovakia, was proud of ranking first in his class at Nürnberg Technical High School. Last week the school standings listed Joseph in second place. Dejected, he walked out of the class. Next morning he cycled to the Nürnberg zoo, climbed over the brick wall into the lions' den. The lions ignored him, so he splashed them with water.

Angered, one of the lions slammed him to the ground with a great paw. Two other lions began cuffing him while horrified spectators called for help. Hearing the screams, Margarethe Storch, an attendant, crawled into the arena hanging two metal shields together.

"Follow me! Get out! Get out through this door!" she cried.

Joseph struggled to his knees, looked wildly about him. As he did so, the biggest lion sank its teeth into his neck. When police arrived, they flooded the pit with tear gas to drive away the lions, but it was too late: Joseph was dead.

ITALY

Ring Out the Old

The spare, stooped leader of postwar Italian democracy stepped down last week out of active politics. Before a meeting of his party's National Council, Alcide de Gasperi, 73, for eight crucial years his country's Premier, relinquished the powerful key job of secretary general of the Christian Democrats and took the purely honorary post of president of the party council.

Youth was knocking at the door, politely but firmly. In as party secretary general stepped brisk, bright, 46-year-old Amintore Fanfani, an economist with a flair for politics and an eye for power. Fanfani led his Democratic Initiative faction to a clean sweep of party offices at Naples a month ago, thus made himself De Gasperi's logical successor (TIME, July 12). He knows the government like a stock table, having served in six cabinets as Minister of Labor, Agriculture and In-

terior and briefly as Premier earlier this year. "I am sure," De Gasperi once prophesied, "that one of these days I will open the door to my study and find Fanfani sitting at my desk."

Last week, as Fanfani took the desk, he moved with the smooth punctilio that Italians appreciate and practice. Some pleasant "understandings" were quietly arranged. First Fanfani "urged" De Gasperi to continue as party secretary, and professed to be surprised when the old man said no. Presumably Fanfani then promised to back De Gasperi for Presi-



Italy's News Photos

CHRISTIAN DEMOCRATS' DE GASPERI
Teacher understood.

dent of Italy, a job with more prestige than power, which will probably fall vacant when 81-year-old Luigi Einaudi finishes his seven-year term next May. Fanfani also reportedly gave assurances of continued backing to the government of fellow Demo-Christian Mario Scelba, and promised that for the next year, at least, he would not seek public office. He arranged for the Vatican's vital *nihil obstat*, delivered by a spokesman: "The Vatican welcomes this induction of new energy in the Christian Democratic Party, without of course disparaging for one moment the paramount merits of the man who has now decided to step into the background." Vatican approval ended the risk that the party's right wing and Luigi Gedda's Catholic Action group would defy Fanfani.

At the meeting of the National Council, Fanfani called De Gasperi "our teacher and guide," Scelba "my dear friend," and proposed that the council elect to membership his two chief opponents, Giuseppe Pella of the Demo-Christian right wing, and Giovanni Gronchi of the left, who had been passed over at Naples. In his short acceptance speech, Fanfani used the word friend 50 times. His friendliness proved contagious: the changeover was completely harmonious.

EAST GERMANY

Waiting for Justice

Dr. Karl Hamann, a grimly handsome gentleman farmer and a leader in the Liberal Democratic Party in the Russian zone, made his choice when the Russians set up the East German "Democratic Republic." He decided to play along, and was made Minister of Trade and Supply.

But he was often a little naive. In January 1952 he skipped across the border to visit relatives in West Germany incognito, was discovered and sent back. Another time, at the height of East zone food shortages, he made a propaganda visit to Bonn and was hit by an overripe tomato square on his chest. Such adventures embarrassed his government. His pretty wife saw the signs, urged him to flee before it was too late. "I have a clear conscience," he told her. "I will stay. There is still justice here." A few weeks later, in the winter of 1952, Minister Hamann was arrested, accused of creating the food shortage and having "criminal relations with imperialist agents."

His wife escaped to West Berlin and broadcast appeals to friends in East Germany for help. Reports reached the West that he had tried to commit suicide in his cell. Last week, 19 months after his arrest, the East German news agency, A.D.N., announced that Dr. Karl Hamann had been sentenced to ten years' hard labor in a Communist prison. The charges: having "systematically sabotaged the supply of foodstuff for the population."

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Seven Go Free

Freed last week by Communist Czechoslovakia: the seven off-duty U.S. soldiers who strayed across the border on a Fourth of July trip (TIME, July 19). Dropped by their captors: the threat that they would be held until three Czechs, who had crossed over to the West, were returned.

UNITED NATIONS

Defeat for the U.S.

A year and a half ago U.N. Secretary General Trygve Lie fired U.S. employees on his staff whom the U.S. considered disloyal. The result was a hue and cry. Twenty-one of those dismissed appealed to the U.N. Administrative Tribunal, a review board set up by the General Assembly. The tribunal held that eleven had been illegally fired, and awarded them \$180,000 damages. The U.S. protested, and asked the General Assembly to overturn the tribunal.

The debate foundered on one legal question, and the Assembly put it up to the International Court of Justice: Must the General Assembly abide by a tribunal decision? The U.S. argued that since the Assembly had created the tribunal, the latter was a subordinate body which the Assembly could overrule. Last week in The Hague, the International Court ruled 9 to 3 that the tribunal is "an independ-

ent and truly judicial body," and its decisions final.

The U.S., footling a third of U.N.'s bills, will thus have to help pay off Americans (\$40,000 in one case) who refused to answer congressional questions about their Communist ties.

The World Court last week dropped from its docket a \$637,804 suit filed by the U.S. against Hungary and the Soviet Union. The case involved an Air Force C-47 forced down on Hungarian soil by Communist fighter planes, and then confiscated. The sum requested included the \$123,605 ransom the U.S. had to pay Hungary to free the plane's four-man crew.

Hungary and Russia refused to accept the World Court's jurisdiction. Result: suit dismissed, since the court cannot force nations to accept its competence.

JAPAN

Lucrative Feudalism

When the god Kame Myojin descended to earth on the island of Nippon some 3,000 years ago, he brought prostitutes with him and installed them in a shrine. There and in neat, cherry-blossomed houses, they flourished as honored licensed entertainers, even after 1946, when Douglas MacArthur ordered the Japanese government to curtail the business.

Last week a Labor Ministry survey reported that prostitution has seldom been as lucrative as it is today for Japan's 124,289 registered shogi and 25,000 streetwalkers. In Tokyo, where the nightclubs are the plushiest, girls often make \$100 a week, compared to \$8 for the average secretary. From 1946 to 1953, American G.I. expenditures on the girls boosted the Japanese economy by an estimated \$85 million a year, eight times the amount of money spent by dollar tourists.

One Japanese movie producer who offered movie contracts to eight Tokyo dance-hall hostesses reported: "They were sorry, but they said they could not afford to give up their present work."

City agents still roam the impoverished farms in the Japanese countryside, "contracting" the services of farmers' daughters. Despite growing opposition to the ancient custom, such arrangements apparently are quite acceptable in the rural areas. Said the Labor Ministry report: More than two-thirds of the parents interviewed by government researchers in two prefectures felt that prostitution was a "proper occupation" for their daughters. Many approved on the grounds that the girls "couldn't find any other job which could support the whole family."

But if it was all right with the profit-making Japanese parents, it was not satisfactory to the Labor Ministry. Concluded the report: "The moral insensitivity of mothers in rural areas who are constantly threatened by poverty and privation . . . is a major factor in preserving, if not encouraging, the human traffic practices that best symbolize the feudalistic darkness of Japan."

FRANCE

The Case of the Tough Cop

Like Victor Hugo's dogged Javert, Jean Baylot, Prefect of Paris Police, was a policeman with one idea. The shootings, burglaries, thievery and other routine crimes he left to his staff to handle; the shadowy underworld which lies behind the beauty of Paris hardly knew his name. Baylot concentrated 16,000 policemen and his own single-minded will on hunting and harassing Communists. He was uncompletely effective: when Parisian Communists said the name of Jean Baylot, they spattered.

When he took over in Paris in 1951, after a career as an anti-Communist trade union official and Resistance fighter, the Reds were overrunning the streets. At the slightest pretext they ran off rowdy

control of Paris' streets. In last year's Bastille Day parade they tried, lost seven militiamen killed in the rioting, and failed.

There were many besides Communists who thought that Baylot's strong-arm men were a little too zealous on occasion. Cardinal Feltin, Archbishop of Paris, protested that some of his worker-priests, arrested in a demonstration, received "treatment unworthy of human beings." (To which Baylot retorted: "I don't care if they're ambassadors, priests, rabbis, or candy salesmen. If they take part in an illegal demonstration, they will suffer the consequences.") Last April Baylot's cops, on his own responsibility, seized 213,000 copies of the Communist *L'Humanité*, because of a cartoon showing John Foster Dulles about to drink a glass of French blood, and captioned: "Fill it; I'll pay in dollars." The Communists sued, accusing Baylot of "stealing" papers.

Kick Upstairs. As Bastille Day (July 14) drew near again, word got around that the Prefect of Police and the new Mendès-France government were not hitting it off well. Baylot wanted to ban the traditional Red parade; some Cabinet ministers disagreed; Socialist supporters of the new regime, though anti-Communist, were anti-tough-cop.

Last week the Mendès-France government announced that Baylot had resigned from his job and would be given a "high diplomatic post." This done, the Mendès-France government, on its own, banned the Communist Bastille Day parade. Though he was being kicked upstairs, Baylot was not disturbed. Said he: "We have broken the back of the Communist Party here. They would not dare stage a big demonstration now." His parting gift last week came, ironically, from the Communists: not only did *L'Humanité* lose its suit against him, but it was ordered to pay Baylot 300,000 francs (\$857) for "the offensive character of its unfounded assertions."



Keystone Press Agency
POLICE CHIEF BAYLOT
The best defensive is offensive.

demonstrations, built barricades, smashed windows and defaced autos—particularly those of Americans. The police usually stood helplessly by, lest by fighting they provoke even more devils.

The Zealot. Baylot ordered Paris' cops to start swinging their white batons, and blandly explained: "There is no defensive action that is not offensive in nature." When the Communists resisted, he gave his cops steel helmets, machine guns and tear gas. His weak eyes squinting through a pair of heavy-rimmed dark glasses, plump little Prefect Baylot looked like a clerk, but he used his force and the terrain like a general.

His big moment came on the day General Ridgway arrived to take over SHAPE from General Eisenhower in May 1952. The Reds were out in full force, crying: "Ridgway, go home!" Baylot met them with 20,000 cops. His men even arrested tubby Top Communist Jacques Duclos. After that day, the Reds never regained

INDO-CHINA

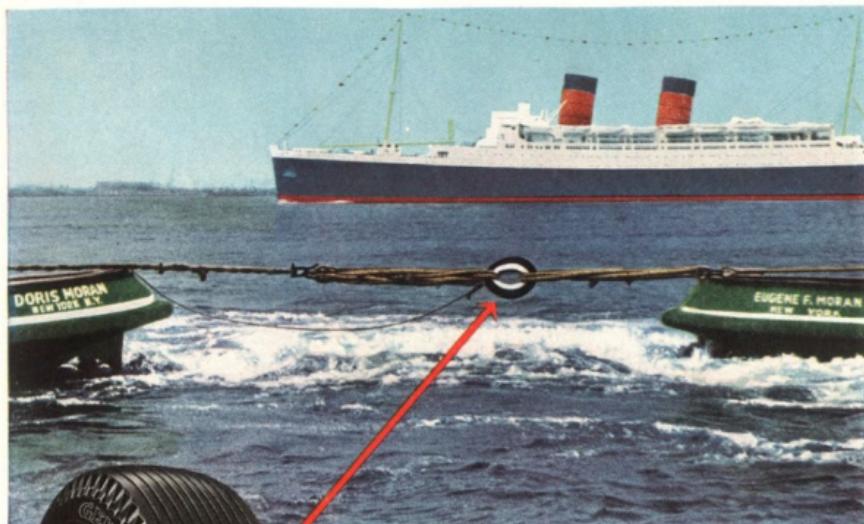
Epilogue to Dienbienphu

Within the straw-matting hut lay one hundred French Union prisoners, their skin drawn taut across their ribs. Their feet were cut and swollen; their complexions were jaundiced; their eyeballs were ghastly white and the men had difficulty focusing their sight. Many of the prisoners had festering sores that crawled with swarming flies. "My God, they look awful," said a French officer who saw them. "They are like men from a second Buckenwald," cried the skipper of a French L.S.M.

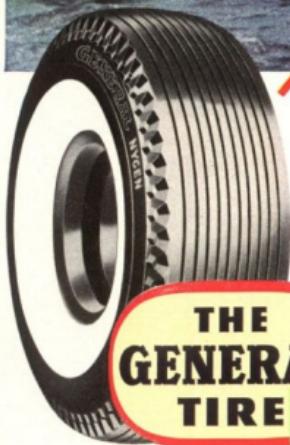
The skeleton-men were 63 French, 27 Foreign Legion and ten Vietnamese survivors of Dienbienphu who were being repatriated under the recent French-Viet Minh agreement. The stories they told were not calculated to increase good will towards the Communist Viet Minh at a moment when the French were trying to conclude peace. The French put on two relays of censors at Hanoi and Saigon to

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lessen the impact of the last march from Dienbienphu.

The Captivity. After the battle the Communists split their worn-out prisoners into two groups about 3,000 strong: they marched one group northeast towards the Red China border, the second 400 miles southeast to prison camps near Haithuong, on the coast of Red-held Viet Nam. The second group, to which these repatriated prisoners belonged, was ravaged by dysentery and malaria; the marchers got only 800 grams of rice and gruel a day, with occasional dried fish and peanuts. There were no medical supplies, although many of the walking wounded still bore shrapnel within their bodies.

"The strong helped the weak whenever they could," said one young French paratrooper, "but every 500 meters someone fell to the ground." Said a German legionnaire: "Of 400 men in my squad when we left Dienbienphu . . . (twelve words deleted by French HQ censor)." Said a Spanish legionnaire: "There were . . . (three words censored) among 300 men in my squad." And a second Frenchman added: ". . . (two words censored) of 200 in my squad died."

The Release. Just before turning the prisoners over to the French, the Communists gave them haircuts, bars of soap and a meal of pork and chicken. When the French navy put in at Haithuong to take the prisoners away, Viet Minh nurses were conspicuously serving them tea. But the French rescuers still had to carry most of the prisoners aboard the LSM in stretchers, and the prisoners who were well enough tore almost ravenously into a good French meal. When they had finished, some heroes of the great battle came back to the galleys with hands outstretched, pleading for more. One legionnaire carefully stored his bread crumbs in a cellophane bag, and a Frenchman held up a loaf and cried: "Bread! To me, messieurs, this is cake."

Over the Communist radio, President Ho Chi Minh wished the remaining thousands of French Union prisoners the top of the Bastille season, expressing admiration for "the great French Revolution and its noble ideals," wishing his skeletal captives "merry festival and good health."

The Doomed City

For 90 minutes on Bastille Day last week, the French paraded 10,000 troops through the streets of Hanoi. Tank-led paratroopers, Foreign Legionnaires, red-capped Senegalese and elite Vietnamese outfits marched smartly past General René Cogny, while 15 French paratroopers jumped spectacularly from a low-flying C-47 into a lake in the center of town. It was a brave affair, perhaps the biggest military display the French had staged in their 70 years in Hanoi; yet its flamboyance could not obscure the drab reality: Hanoi (pop. 600,000) was doomed.

There was still no panic in the city, no discernible excitement around its shifting defense perimeter: the Viet Minh continued to harass as diligently as soldier ants;

the French put on one or two counter-attacks and claimed "appreciable" Communist losses. The artillery fire was all French—as it was at Dienbienphu before the Communists were ready. But the French and Vietnamese troops were now almost certain they would not be called upon to fight. "The gentlemen at Geneva have arranged it all," they would say. "Wait a few days. You will see."

A few gallant Vietnamese still tried to inspire defiance. Plump little Dr. Hoang Co Binh, head of the new Committee for the Defense of North Viet Nam, sent loudspeaker cars around the city "to improve the morale of the people" and he pledged himself to raise three new Vietnamese battalions; he also ordered all civil servants to sing the National Anthem every day. "The Viet Minh are not as strong as we have pretended they are,"

NORTH KOREA

The Double Invasion

From Old Baldy to the Yalu, North Korea lies devastated by war and despondent in the grip of unchallenged Communism. Geneva proved that it is likely to stay that way. But amidst the ruins, according to the reports of neutral observers and Korean agents, a strange, unequal competition is going on between Russian and Chinese influence.

The Bear's Share. In the year since Panmunjom, between 5,000,000 and 7,000,000 hungry, mostly jobless, often nomadic North Koreans⁶ have watched a prosperous brood of Russians, Red Chinese and assorted satellites descend upon their country's rubble, tinkering with ancient generators and spinning frames, burrowing



NORTH KOREAN CLEAN-UP GANG AT WORK IN PYONGYANG
Between Yanans and Soviets, a lack of the correct spirit.

International

he told the Vietnamese who would listen.

But the erosion of faith went relentlessly on. One day last week, a pink-suited Vietnamese businessman flew back to Hanoi from comparatively safe Saigon, 700 miles to the south. "I have come back to stay," he proclaimed. "Some of my friends in Saigon asked me why. I know who is winning. I told them in Saigon, and it is not you, nor your Western friends. I am going to be with the winners." In some villages, the Vietnamese peasants were seeing their future the same way: they were greeting the Viet Minh as liberators.

"So Hanoi lies and awaits its end," cabled TIME Correspondent Dwight Martin, "with the gunfire rustling the tamarind leaves, and dogs barking through the night. Nanking fell to the sound of gunfire and the barking dogs upon such a quiet night one April, Shanghai one May, Pyongyang one December. No one knows when Hanoi will go too, but no one doubts that it will."

into blocked-off coal mines. Last week about 8,000 North Koreans were at work converting downtown Pyongyang into the showplace of a new Red colony, with the usual shiny Stalin Boulevard and a marble International Hotel (185 rooms with bath), in preparation for a big Soviet celebration on Aug. 15. "The fronts of houses and buildings, at least," warned Pyongyang newspapers, Potemkin-style, "should be repaired and made presentable."

According to Pyongyang radio, more than 700 Russian and European satellite technicians are already working in North Korea. Pyongyang propagandists dwell every day upon the affairs of the Soviet set: "Soviet Engineer Vandalemko is tirelessly restoring the Kim Chaik ironworks . . . Engineer Uburov is in charge at the

⁶ Between 500,000 and 800,000 North Koreans were casualties during the war; between 1,500,000 and 3,500,000 fled to the south.

Supung power plant, which is fast rising from the rubble."

The Russians are shipping in lathes and cranes, turbines and compressors. They are rebuilding damaged factories inside their shells (notably the big Songjin steel plant, which now produces about 20% of North Korean steel), and they have also brought in new factories and installed them complete. The reconstruction is in its early stage, but the Russian objective is clear: establish control of North Korea's heavy industry, and win with it lasting primacy in the new Red colony.

Scraps for the Dragon. By contrast, Red China, which did most of the fighting, is having to make do with the leftovers. Chinese technicians are put to work not on factories but on houses, theaters and meeting halls. The Russians gave the Chinese only one big colonial job—transportation. Hungry Red China also got the job of sending food to starving North Korea.

The Chinese are getting the scraps of political influence in the new Red colony. Of North Korea's top four ministers, three are Soviet citizens, while the fourth, Premier Kim Il Sung, is a Russian puppet of long standing. Of the seven Deputy Premiers, six belong to the Russian-controlled "Soviet faction," while only one pays allegiance to the "Yenan faction," as the Red China side is called. Of the 15-man Presidium, ten members are "Soviets" against only two "Yenans" and three local North Korean Reds. Even culturally, the Chinese are in eclipse (Pyongyang high-school students have to spend one hour a day learning Russian).

North Koreans are helpless against the double invasion, but there have been stirrings of unrest among the work gangs. "Citizens are not welcoming the Russian and Chinese assistance with the correct spirit," admitted Pyongyang radio a couple of weeks ago. "They have failed to establish close relations with the friendly technical personnel . . ." The Communists are, however, well accustomed to putting up with that inevitable discomfort of colonialism, the dark hostility of the governed.

EGYPT

Leaving the Suez

After 72 years the British were resigned to quitting the troubled Suez Canal Zone; the Egyptians would be happy to see them go. Last week, for the first time since talks collapsed nine months ago, shirtleaved negotiators sat down together, cooled by a single fan, in a rented Cairo villa. At last they seemed to be getting somewhere.

The base ties down, in expensive, debilitating idleness, \$8,000 of Britain's best troops, some of whom might be used better in Malaya and elsewhere. The 5,000-sq. mi. area, crammed with men and materiel, is a sitting duck for a thermonuclear attack; the Queen's Middle East forces would be deployed in Libya, Cyprus, and Jordan.

Give & Take. This time the British offered to evacuate the zone completely, leaving only 1,000 caretaker technicians who would be civilians, clad in mufti. The Egyptian military junta presided over by Colonel Abdel Nasser gave way a little too: formerly they would only allow the British to reoccupy the base in case of danger to any Arab state; now an attack on NATO partner Turkey would be sufficient grounds. The other outstanding differences could be settled if the atmosphere stayed friendly: the British ask two years to evacuate the zone and Egypt is offering less than 18 months. The British want to include Iran in the "danger zone"; Egypt demurs. The British ask that the new arrangement last for 20 years; Egypt insists on seven years.

Conciliation in Cairo last week brought discord in London. Tory back-benchers were up in arms. Led by the mustachioed military figure of Captain Charles Waterhouse, 41 Tories delivered an ultimatum: they would split the Tory Party over a Suez settlement.

Prestige & Folly. Revolts are rare events on the Tory side. Next day Sir Winston Churchill walked into a packed Commons committee room to face the objectors. The rebels had always regarded Anthony Eden as their enemy and the old imperialist Prime Minister as their secret friend. Had he not thundered that he would not preside at the liquidation of the Empire? Churchill sat back while his War Secretary, Antony Head, explained on a map why the H-bomb's destructive radius would make the base untenable in a major war. Chancellor of the Exchequer Rab Butler then got up to say that he was not prepared to continue spending £50 million yearly to maintain the canal base as an imperial monument.

Then it was the old man's turn. "You cannot maintain prestige with folly," said



PREMIER NASSER
Conciliation brought discord.

Churchill warmly, and the rebels knew their hope was gone. Nonetheless, the rebels stood their ground. Next day one of them, onetime Guards Major Edward Legge-Bourke, formally quit the Tory Party and said he would sit as an Independent. "From Palestine, from Burma, from India, from Persia, from the Sudan and now from Egypt the ignominious retreat has gone on," the major cried. "Where next are we to be pushed from?"

Despite all the bluster from the rear, the Tories should be able to get a majority for a Suez agreement. They can count on heavy support from the Socialists, who first proposed evacuation eight years ago and were chided by Churchill for their "great shame and folly."

NEW ZEALAND

The Collaborators

As schoolmates in Christchurch, Juliet Hulme, 15, and Pauline Parker, 16, often collaborated in the writing and production of amateur plays—plays which, according to equally amateur critics, were "not bad at all." They both liked detective stories, and as if to strengthen their status as best friends, both had been visited by similar misfortune: each had missed long periods at school through illness. They also both wanted to go to America "to have novels published and filmed," but their parents would not let them.

One day three weeks ago, Pauline and Juliet, like many other fashionable New Zealanders, sat taking tea with Pauline's mother at a restaurant in lofty Victoria Park. After tea the two girls and Mrs. Parker took advantage of the brisk, sunny afternoon to stroll down the park's winding hillside track. A few minutes later, Pauline and Juliet came racing back to the restaurant. Mrs. Parker, they said, had fallen and was desperately injured. When the doctor arrived, Pauline's mother, her face and head cruelly cut and bruised, was already dead.

It was a shocking end to an afternoon of quiet enjoyment, but for respectable Christchurch a worse shock was still to come. That evening the police stopped by at Ilam, the official residence of Dr. Henry Hulme, rector of staid Canterbury University College, and arrested Pauline Parker on suspicion of murder. Next day they came back and picked up Dr. Hulme's daughter Juliet on the same charge. Near the blood-soaked ground where Pauline's mother had lain, police found a brick and near it a bloodstained stocking in which the brick had been inserted and swung like a bludgeon.

Last week, in seven grisly hours at the Christchurch lower court, the police charged that Juliet and Pauline had killed Mrs. Parker with the brick-filled stocking. Their principal evidence: confessions from both girls, and excerpts from Pauline's own diary, in which Mrs. Parker's death was listed as the "Day of the Happy Event." Dozens of people die every day, sometimes thousands, said the schoolgirl's diary; so why not Mother too?

FLANDERS



ORNATE HOUSES on River Lys in Ghent
were built by guilds as early as Middle Ages.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY PIERRE BOULAT

THE place names of Flemish towns ring like bugles. They tell of bloody and costly battles in wars over the centuries: Courtrai, Passendale, Ypres ("Wipers" to the Tommy of World War I), and Armentières (whose "Mademoiselle" was invented to wipe out the memory of grimmer realities). In World War II, the tragedy and heroism of Dunkirk were played out on a Flemish beach.

Flanders is bloody ground, and its history a story of violence: for centuries the alien peoples of Europe have swarmed over her rich, open plain, to pillage, plunder and fight battles: Caesar's legions from the south; Viking raiders from the north, who left their word for landing-stage (*bryggja*) behind in the name of the Flemish city of Bruges; from the east fierce Germanic tribesmen, whose rough gutturals are reflected in the language of Flanders; from close at hand the troops of Louis XI, Napoleon, Wellington.

When their fellow Europeans left them in peace, the people of Flanders, Celtic in origin, were kept busy fending off the onslaughts of a still more implacable foe—the grey, pounding rollers of the North Sea, which time and again broke over Flanders' beaches to flood the low-

lying flatlands behind. From earliest times the people of Flanders were forced so often to seek refuge with their northern neighbors, the Frisians, that they came at last to be known as *Vlaming*, the Frisian word for refugee. Their land was *Vlandria*, land of the refugees.

Neighboring Dependence. Yet, despite the violence through which they lived, no province in Europe today seems more blessed with tranquil beauty than Flanders. The soft greys and greens of sand dune, marsh and meadow blend imperceptibly with the pale blues of the sky's rim, along an endlessly level horizon. Ornate old cities, which have known and outgrown greatness, nurse their memories amid a neat patchwork of fields where golden wheat and rye shimmer at each passing breeze. Turning idly in the same soft breeze, the sails of windmills urge the sluggish water along a network of canals which are the province's vital arteries, moving its traffic, draining and feeding its rich black soil.

These canals, and the age-old necessity of keeping them well dug and free of snags, played a large part in introducing the democratic way to Europe, for from earliest times

they made each Flemish peasant dependent on his neighbor. In the same way, the constant need to keep his dikes repaired against the attacks of the sea, and to fend off his many greedy enemies with unified effort, gave the Fleming a sense of community responsibility not yet shared by other Europeans. A hundred years before the signing of the Magna Carta in a tent on a British meadow, the burghers of Saint-Omer forced their feudal overlords to recognize the rights and privileges of individual citizens in that tiny Flemish town. Many other such charters were granted in Flanders during the Middle Ages and kept secure in strong boxes in town halls topped by belfries. The proudest possession of any Flemish town came to be its bell tower, where bronze voices hung always ready to clang forth any abuse of local rights and privileges.

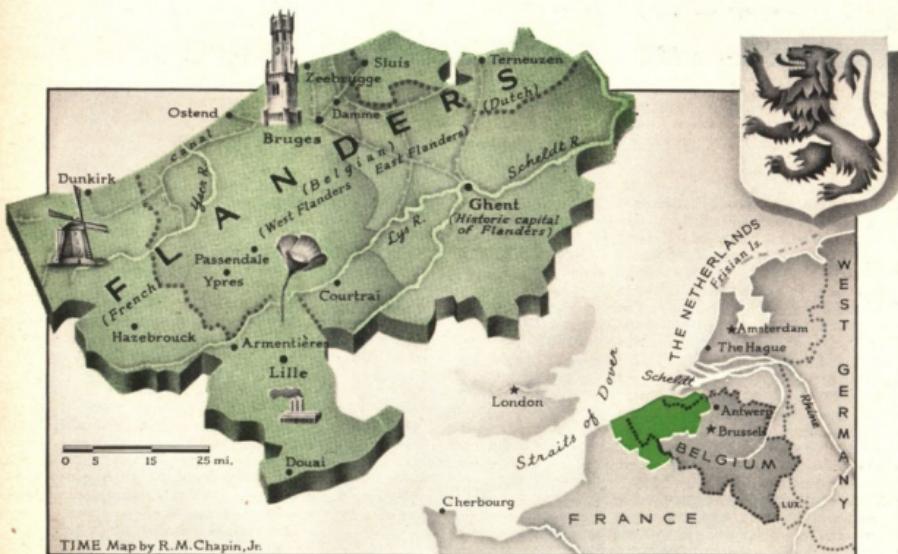
Today, the nearly 4,000 square miles of territory once ruled over by the medieval Counts of Flanders are split among three nations. Dutch Flanders is only a sliver at the bottom of Zeeland. French Flanders has largely lost its old identity with the rest of the province. But the spirit of the old County is still preserved almost intact in the present-day Belgian provinces of East and West Flanders, where ancient Flemish is still the main language, and Roman Catholicism the dominant faith.

Culture & Commerce. Rivalled perhaps only by Venice, the Flemish city of Bruges during the 14th and 15th centuries was, like modern Manhattan, a thriving center of culture and commerce to which all the world thronged. Wealthy Lombards, Venetians and Germans, English wool merchants and Russian fur traders jostled one another in its crowded, cobbled streets. Worsteds from England, cot-

ton from Egypt, and silk threads from the Orient were spun and woven into fine fabrics in the busy mills of Bruges, Ghent and Ypres. Sturdy Flemish artists, among them Memling, Van Eyck, Bruegel, Bosch and Van der Weyden, learned there a trick of grinding pigments in oil that gave their paintings a shine which has not faded through the centuries. In the portraits of Renaissance Flanders, gallerygoers the world over can find living reflections of the ruggedly honest, hardfisted and hard-faced merchant kings of Flanders.

In time, Bruges' greatness passed away: the relentless sea silted up her harbor so that only smaller and smaller ships could come through. Today Bruges is a quiet market town of 52,000, grateful for the tourists who come to see the "Venice of the North" and cruise along her scenic canals. Ghent, her sister in glory, is now weaving fabrics of modern nylon and rayon, and is Europe's leading grower of camellias and azaleas. Ypres, the third great town of old Flanders, was so badly damaged in World War I that it took years to repair.

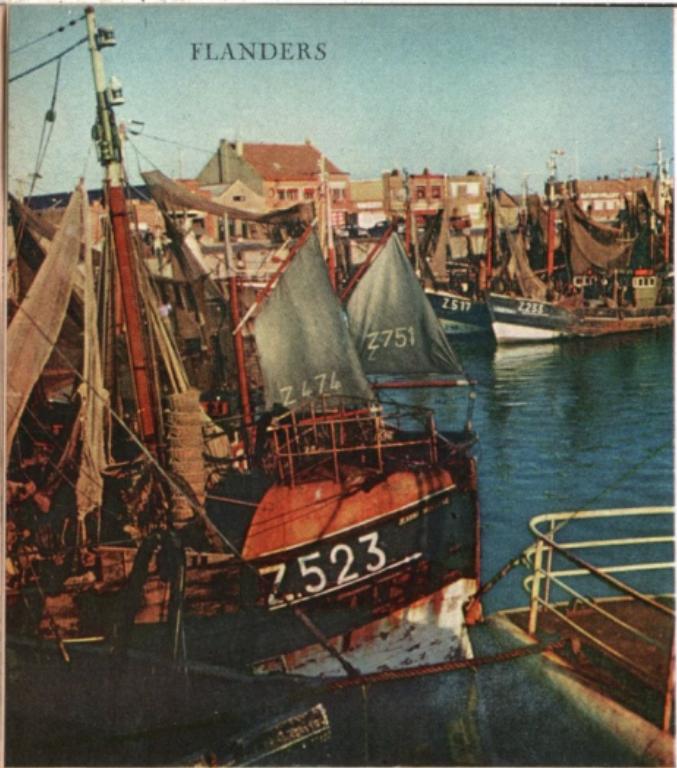
Stubborn People. "God made us Flemish; only politics made us Belgian," says a Bruges poet; and the inheritors of a turbulent and bloody history are combatively proud of their identity to this day, even to the point of threatening secession. Rivalry between the Flemings and the French-speaking Walloons still enlivens Belgian history. The people who were once called the Refugees have learned to find refuge in their own patience and persistence. This persistence was rewarded when, after years of offensive bilingualism, Belgian authorities consented to print all road signs and street markers in Flanders exclusively in Flemish.





OSTEND GATE, beyond tranquil, swan-dotted
moat, is relic of medieval ramparts of Bruges.

FLANDERS



PORT OF ZEEBRUGGE, hit hard in the last two wars, offers haven for North Sea fishing smacks.

FLOWER MARKET brightens the Kouter in Ghent, Belgium's leading bulb and flower exporter.



THE MINNEWATER, busy port of Bruges before outlet to North Sea silted up, reflects 400-ft. tower of Notre Dame Church, where the rulers of Burgundy are entombed.





HOLY BLOOD procession halts at Bruges town hall for benediction of relic piously believed to contain drops of Saviour's blood brought back from the Second Crusade.



GOLDEN FLAX, grown in Flanders for centuries, dries near linen center of Courtrai, where Flemings slaughtered French in Battle of Golden Spurs, 1302.



FLANDERS



SIMPLE CROSS above windswept Flemish beach honors men who died at Dunkirk during fall of France in 1940. Ships of Britain evacuated 330,000 soldiers from German trap here.

FLEMISH PLAIN, invaded by armies from Caesar to Hitler, stretches wide and fertile from town of Damme. Windmill in center marks canal from Bruges to Sluis in The Netherlands.



THE HEMISPHERE

GUATEMALA

Tinkering Time

During its second week in power, the revolutionary regime of President Carlos Castillo Armas tinkered busily with the governmental machine it had undertaken to control. Last week the Colonel and his Cabinet:

¶ Kept police (and a new, irregular force made up of soldiers from Castillo Armas' liberation army) so busy arresting suspected Communists that the jails overflowed with 3,500 of them.

¶ Fired hundreds of civil servants without severance pay in an economy drive made necessary by the empty treasury left by the former regime (*see below*).

¶ Named new judges to every judicial post from the Supreme Court on down.

¶ Killed a 2¢-a-gallon gasoline tax, thereby reducing the price to 3¢.

¶ Dissolved all the leftist parties that supported the Communist-line administration of ex-President Jacobo Arbenz.

In these measures there was little sign of the major social overhaul that Guatemala's newspapers and churchmen were hopefully talking about. Making his first speech as president, Castillo Armas concentrated on attacking the old government. He did promise that peasants who have received plots under the Arbenz land-reform law will get their titles outright; until now the government has retained the deeds, both to prevent resale and to keep political control over the farmers.⁶ But the general reaction, even among Castillo's warmest backers, was one of sharp disappointment. They were hoping for a bold, positive program to rebuild the country's political and economic life so firmly that Communism could never rise again.

The President's hesitation at plunging promptly into drastic reform was rooted, at least partly, in a sense of unconsolidated power. Parts of the regular army, ranking at the defeat Castillo Armas dealt them with a handful of volunteers, subtly oppose him. The dangerous paradox is that he must show leadership within at most six months, or some other officer anti-Arbenz as he will try to fill his shoes.

The same insecurity made the new President extra conscious of the dangers of assassination. He has refused to move into the exposed Presidential House, instead renting a small residence more easily guarded by liberation soldiers. But most Guatemalans see the official residence as a solid symbol of power and expect the Chief Executive to live there. The point might be minor, but the effect, as Castillo Armas rounded out his first fortnight in power, was a certain drop in his prestige.

To balance these troubles, Castillo last

⁶ The law itself is in abeyance, and some land illegally occupied by squatters will be turned back to the original owners. A few cattle, out for revenge, last week turned cattle loose to trample down squatters' crops.



Raul Gonzales

CASTILLO ARMAS MAKING FIRST PRESIDENTIAL SPEECH
A dangerous paradox, a welcome balance.

week heard welcome news from Washington: the State Department recognized his government, making the U.S. the twelfth nation to establish formal relations. If there was any impatience in the U.S. embassy with Castillo Armas' slow start, the recognition covered it well. But some of the President's loyal press was turning cautiously critical. "The country's new leaders," wrote Alvaro Contreras Vélez, a strong supporter of Castillo Armas, "must provide a healthy substitute for the pernicious doctrine sown in many minds by the Reds. They must tell us what they offer the people in place of Communism, whose fruits lie fallen on the ground, but whose roots are not yet pulled up."

How to Rob a Bank

In the last, desperate days of his government, President Jacobo Arbenz summoned Finance Minister Raúl Sierra Franco to the presidential offices and told him: "I must have 2,000,000 quetzales⁷ right away; a friendly government has agreed to sell us fighter planes for cash." Sierra Franco, a dutiful and upright functionary, replied that there was probably only a million in cash available, but offered to get that.

He made out a voucher to the director of the government-run Agrarian Bank, who in turn filled out two checks for 500,000 quetzales each to Alfonso Martínez (boss of the agrarian-reform program) and Colonel Carlos Enrique Diaz (head of the armed forces). They gave the checks back to Sierra Franco, who cashed them for blue 20-quetzal bills and grey 100-quetzal bills. He took the mil-

lion, stuffed in a big canvas bag, back to Arbenz' office and turned it over to the President, Martínez and Diaz.

Two days later Arbenz got Sierra Franco to produce another 100,000 quetzales "for emergency purposes," but the President fled to Mexican embassy asylum before he could take possession. That was when Sierra Franco found that he had been made the dupe. Hiding the 100,000 quetzales in his home, he too took refuge. Last week, on his phoned instructions, his wife gave the bills back to the treasury.

As for the President's share, his Agriculture Minister, holed up in the Ecuadorian embassy, explained to a friend: "Arbenz gave his Communists 10,000 quetzales apiece before he quit, but he did not even tell us he was going to resign." Arbenz probably took most of the loot into the Mexican embassy. Now his problem is to get away with it. Even if he gets a safe-conduct out of the country, the new government, under the rules of asylum, could search his baggage and seize any boodle. But a diplomatic cut of the loot to the right hands might still arrange a transfer of funds and let Inside Operator Arbenz head for the outside happily heeled.

MEXICO

Julia, Adiós

For a town of 2,500 inhabitants, Temixco, 50 miles from the Mexican capital, has a high incidence of arrests—mainly because the citizens tend to be extra convivial on Saturday nights. Nobody in Temixco really objects to conviviality, not even the members of the town's watchful Committee of Ladies of Morality and Decency. What distressed them, they repeatedly

⁷ I.e., \$2,000,000. Coffee-rich Guatemala's quetzal is exactly at par with the U.S. dollar.

THE SUN TIMES
MARCH 20, 1950

EXTRA

BURROUGHS AGAIN TOPS THE FIELD!

NEWS DAILY — EXTRA

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... DAILY NEWS ... EXTRA

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WHEREVER THERE'S BUSINESS THERE'S

Burroughs

told Mayor Fidel Caspeta, was the demoralizing sight of indiscreet citizens being hauled off to jail by cops on foot, in full view of their scandalized neighbors and kinfolk. Not even a fast-talking politico like the mayor could stall the ladies forever. At last, he bought the police a 1945 Ford truck and had Don Flavio, the town blacksmith, build upon it a discreetly sheltering cage for use as a Julia (known as a Black Maria to U.S. convivialists).

It was an occasion to remember; Temixco had never had an official Julia before. For that matter, neither had such arrogant neighboring communities as Cuautla with 9,000 population or Zacatepec with 6,000. The Ladies of Morality and Decency swelled with pride. Mayor Caspeta ordered a *fiesta grande*.

Last week all the important citizens of Temixco, notably the Ladies of Morality and Decency, sat in a temporary reviewing stand before the city hall. After a display of fireworks, Mayor Caspeta made a grandiloquent speech, frequently mentioning the name of his brother-in-law, who, by sheer coincidence, happens to be his chosen successor. Carried away, Temixco's convivialists emptied their ceremonial bottles of fiery *aguardiente* too fast; there was some talk that the Julia might have to be pressed into emergency service.

To distract the populace, Mayor Caspeta announced: "I want you all to know that our Julia can go fast." On that signal, the Julia zipped past the reviewing stand at 50 m.p.h. A little farther on, the right front wheel flew off, and the Julia crashed into a deep ditch in a cloud of dust. Don Flavio the blacksmith rushed up, impatiently brushed past the uninjured driver and examined his handwork. Tearfully, he reported: "Our Julia is finished!" Then he added practically: "I will buy it as scrap iron." Mayor Caspeta fled, with the Ladies of Morality and Decency in hot pursuit. They cornered him, and from the town hall came shrill female complaints until far into the night.

ARGENTINA

Even As You & I

Fed up with rumors about presidential tumors, Juan Perón last week called in Buenos Aires reporters (but no foreign correspondents) for one of his rare press conferences. The interviewers, well briefed, inquired in almost clinical detail about the President's health. Perón, looking fit, said he could not imagine how such stories got started, and wound up with a flat assurance: "I am feeling very well."

After that, still in a chatty mood, the President wandered into a subject of compelling interest to many another *Americano*, both of the North and the South: "I cannot give up smoking, because I like it very much. When people ask me why I do not stop, I reply that cigarettes, to me, are like the little sandbags that balloons carry; when the balloonists cannot rise higher, they drop a sandbag—and there they go, up again. I shall do the same. The day I feel stuck I will drop smoking; but why should I now?"

CANADA

Brimming Bins

Canadian farmers, contentedly watching another good crop of wheat ripen on the prairies, heard disquieting news. The Bureau of Statistics reported last week that the carryover from previous wheat crops stood at 614,500,000 bu. on June 1—up one-third from last year, and just about the equivalent of one full year's normal production.

The basic trouble was a change in the world market, which normally takes two-thirds of Canada's wheat. Some big importing countries, notably West Germany and Spain, produced more grain at home last year and bought less abroad. Argentina, recovering dramatically from a 1951-52 crop failure, sold aggressively to some of Canada's old South American customers, and pushed her share of the world market up from 2.8% to 17.9%. Canada's exports were off 30%.

While the Wheat Board's June price cut (from \$1.82 to \$1.72 a bushel) brought no useful rush of buyers to Canada, it helped land one big order. Britain contracted to buy 10 million bu. of wheat, to be shipped through the port of Churchill this summer. But Canada's farmers, still trying to unload their 1953 wheat crop in a glutted market, will need bigger bins at home to hold their grain when the new harvest begins next month.

The Virtue of Dullness

Many Canadians have found occasion to chide U.S. citizens for what External Affairs Chief Lester B. Pearson, no mean chidder himself, calls "benevolent ignorance" of Canadian affairs. Last week Montreal Star Editor George Ferguson explained to a Chautauqua, N.Y. audience why "some pretty important things can happen across your northern border without raising even a ripple of interest." Said Ferguson, in a mood of amiable concession: "The real reason why you know comparatively little about us is that we give you no very good reason for wanting to know more. You always know where we are, and—usually, anyway—we give nobody any trouble. We behave ourselves, and have a tradition of law and order which surpasses yours

"Our divorce rate is much lower than yours, we stay much at home, we go to church on Sundays in surprisingly large numbers, and, taken all around, we are a very respectable lot—respectable but inclined to be dull. Our virtues and vices alike are pedestrian. We lack vividness . . . and violent emotion. Even though we know more or less where we are going, we trudge toward our destination. We do not skip and run. We lack both bands and flags on our national journey

"We seldom surprise ourselves, and it is therefore hardly to be expected that we will surprise outsiders. We lack instability, which is always an interesting quality, even when it is most annoying. [But] we also have the capacity to be good neighbors even if we do not wear our hearts of gold upon our sleeves."

Plain Talk about the Best Oil for Your Car

The motor oils recommended for many cars today are HD (High Detergency) oils containing additives.

Additives help keep your engine clean, prevent rust deposits . . . do many useful jobs for certain types of motors.

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To very poor oil.

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CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

The Navy let it be known that **Richard Milhous Nixon**, Lieutenant Commander, U.S.N.R., had been denied promotion to the rank of commander because of insufficient attention to naval homework. The Vice President acknowledged the dereliction and did not even plead that the distraction of official duties had interfered with his best intentions. Later in the week the distraction point was made when Republican Representative **Albert P. Morano**, writing on behalf of Connecticut's hatmakers, complained that Nixon is too often bareheaded in public appearances. Morano offered to furnish a selection of hats, and asked Nixon at least to hold hat in hand when being photographed—"to destroy a sartorial virus known as 'hatlessness.'"

Rome gossiped that Belgium's King **Baudouin** was making royal eyes from a respectable distance at much-rushed post-debutante **Princess Alessandra Victoria Torlonia**, 18-year-old granddaughter of Spain's late King Alfonso XIII. The princess meanwhile managed to look only elfin and quizzical as she stepped along with her social calendar.

Not long after he bumped into a French black-marketeer on a Paris street corner, **Sugar Ray Robinson**, sometime world middleweight champion, was visited by the police, who searched his apartment and found \$50,000 hot francs. After Sugar Ray meekly acknowledged that he had swapped the francs for \$700 U.S. at slightly better than the official rate, the



PRINCESS ALESSANDRA
Future indefinite.

gendarmes sorrowfully told him it was a bad bargain, confiscated the francs because they were counterfeit. They had only sympathy for Sugar Ray himself. "He tells us he likes Paris," said a police spokesman, "and we like him too."

In Seattle, **Jack Benny**, a full-time working comedian and sometimes-Democrat, showed up at a \$10-a-plate luncheon in honor of **Adlai Stevenson**, a part-time comedian and full-time Democrat. Ad-libbed Stevenson: "I don't believe Mr. Benny could have paid his way in today, because there wasn't time for him to get word from his lawyer as to whether the money would be deductible." Later, Benny visited Stevenson to ask for an autographed photo for his wife **Mary Livingstone**. Said penny- (and audience)-



MRS. BROWNELL & PRIEST
Past and present.

wise Benny: "I don't know enough about this politics to be able to say whether one guy or another should've made it. I just know that when I meet a guy I like, I like him. Nothing political about it."

Fitted out in ancient and modern Turkish fashion, **Mrs. Herbert Brownell Jr.**, wearing an up-to-date evening gown, and **Ivy Baker Priest**, Treasurer of the U.S., in an early-day harem gown lent by the Istanbul Museum, served as models in a Washington fashion show arranged as a benefit for the costume collection of the Smithsonian Institution.

Noting that "it's summer and it's hot," the New York *Post's* Owner-Publisher-Columnist **Dorothy Schiff** decided to turn loose her womanly scorn on **Dr. Alfred Kinsey**. "I have met Dr. Kinsey just once, at a dinner where he was a paid speaker," she wrote. "He turned out to



International
AUTHOR MAUGHAM
Present indefinite.

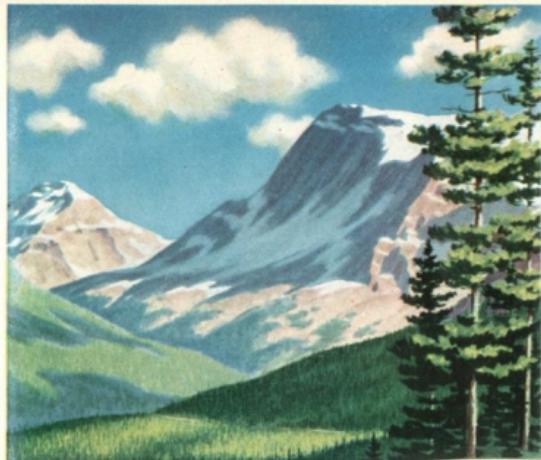
be an unamiable man carrying a chip on his shoulder. I didn't read much of his first book, but I did read all of the last one, pseudo-scientifically entitled *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*. I found it interesting—if true. But I doubt whether a poll of a few thousand American women willing to talk to one of Dr. Kinsey's investigators justified the all-embracing title . . . Dr. Kinsey's moral, or immoral, judgments I found inexcusable in a purportedly factual and scientific study."

Shrugging off the pain of a broken rib, Author **Somerset Maugham** slipped into his morning coat, clapped on his top hat and made his way to Buckingham Palace, there received from Queen **Elizabeth** his investiture as Companion of Honor.

Back in Moscow, apparently for further treatment for his ailing circulatory system, was France's No. 1 Communist, **Maurice Thorez**, who returned from Russia only 15 months ago after 2½ years of treatment. Taking over the French Red reins during Thorez's absence: No. 2 man **Jacques Duclos**.

The Columbia (S.C.) *State* published the latest poetical work of **Mrs. John E. Peurifoy**, 42, wife of the U.S. Ambassador to Guatemala: "Sing a song of quetzals* / Pockets full of peace! / The junta's in the palace— / They've taken out a lease,/ The Commies are in hiding/ Just across the street;/ To the embassy of Mexico/ They beat a quick retreat,/ And pistol-packing Peurifoy/ Looks mighty optimistic— / For the land of Guatemala/ Is no longer Communistic!"

* A quetzal is both the Guatemalan national bird and unit of currency (\$1).



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A Star is Made, not Born

Sam Snead had a nature-given ability to "bend a golf ball" even as a caddie, but it took years of practice and hard work to make him one of the all-time greats of golf. Nature provides talent but needs help to make a great star—and help in making a great motor oil like Advanced Custom-Made Havoline.

Sam Snead is a member of the Advisory Staff of Champions of The Wilson Sporting Goods Co.

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is Made, not Born



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RADIO & TELEVISION

Virtue Reigns

"Frank," ad-libbed Arthur Godfrey to Tenor Frank Parker on Godfrey's morning radio and TV show one day last week, "how many times do you think you ought to warn a man that if he's drunk on the job you'll fire him?" Replied Parker, "I think he should get a couple of warnings, and then that would be it." Said Godfrey: "I fired a man yesterday that I told the last time, which was the seventh time, that I wouldn't take it again."

The Great Friendly Face turned into the cameras to elaborate. The Godfrey company, he said, includes "two or three characters who are hitting that bottle too hard." Drunkenness is "the one thing that I will not tolerate on this program . . . Just for the record, I want it to be known, if you ever see one of them missing, that's why."

This new public airing of the family's wine-stained linen was apparently prompted by reports in the Hearst papers that Godfrey was in a firing mood because of intramural romancing among members of his cast. For this charge Godfrey had a grandly Godfreudian reply: "There is no girl on this show whose job is in jeopardy . . . I don't give a hoot who they're in love with, who they marry, who they divorce, who they have babies with . . . I just hope that if they do, it's with their husbands . . ."

Playing the Numbers

Los Angeles' independent KTLA, the first station to televised an atomic-bomb explosion (TIME, May 5, 1952), last week unveiled what may turn out to be a fissionable little package for TV's idea-starved programmers. The show is nothing more than good old Bingo, dressed up

in a new name—Marco—and given a dog-food manufacturer (Thoro-Fed) for a sponsor instead of the Ladies' Aid Society. But it has one great advantage over most audience-participation shows: every home viewer can compete every week.

To play Marco, a viewer picks up a special card (limit: three) at his grocer's, fills it out by writing his own combination of numbers in the blank spaces (e.g., in the five blanks in the "M" column he may write any numbers from 1 to 25; under the "A" column, any from 26 to 50). He sends the completed card to KTLA, keeping a duplicate for himself.

On the air the M.C. picks numbered pingpong balls out of a big plastic bowl. As he calls out each number, his assistant ("Miss Marco") posts the number on a giant Marco card on the wall. When a line is filled, the M.C. calls it a game and announces a special phone number (different for each game to avoid jamming circuits). Viewers call in if they think they have won, are kept hanging on the line until their cards are checked, then are announced as winners. (Some first-night prizes: a TV set, a dishwasher, a trip for two to Hawaii.)

KTLA's General Manager Klaus Landsberg was amazed when the mail brought 20,000 Marco cards before the first program. After the show he began to get telegrams and calls from other TV stations asking how to set up the game. Commented Los Angeles *Mirror* TV Columnist Hal Humphrey gloomily and probably accurately: ". . . Intuition and past experience with the sheepish tendencies of TV program directors lead me to believe that we haven't seen the end of it, only the beginning."

The New Shows

The World of Mr. Sweeney (Tues.-Fri. 7:30 p.m., NBC-TV) stars Oldtime Cinemactor Charlie Ruggles as a small-town storekeeper who likes to chuckle out warm, homemade philosophical comments while his dowdy customers cluck around palpating tomatoes and cantaloupes. Happily, the 15-minute show steers clear of the heap-o'-livin' or Just Plain Bilge routine and stays easygoing and amusing. Item: Sweeney's young grandson, played by Glenn Walkem, asks for a candy bar, then borrows a dime from Sweeney and rings it up on the cash register; this, says Sweeney, "keeps him honest."

Out on the Farm (Sun., 5 p.m., NBC-TV) is an hour-long pseudo documentary that aims at illustrating to the city viewer the grandeur of bucolic life. The first program was just sow-sow. It originated mostly "live" from the Wilbert Landmeier farm near Cloverdale, Ill., with Country Singer Eddy Arnold on hand to greet viewers and help show the folks around the place. The cameras ranged nearly everywhere: to the dairy barn to watch the milking; to the front yard, for a talk with Mother Landmeier and her healthy youngsters; to the barnyard, where Weatherman



ACTOR RUGGLES AS MR. SWEENEY
Instead of Just Plain Bilge.

Clint Youle spoke of the crops and elements ("In Georgia and Virginia, the pecans are doing pretty well"); and too frequently to tireless Eddy Arnold, who will twang out a lil' song at the drop of a cornball. The chief trouble with the show, in fact, is that it is too city-slick; it needs more hay, less hey-hey.

Program Preview

For the week starting Thursday, July 22, Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Cathy and Elliott Lewis Onstage (Thurs., 9 p.m., CBS). *Interlude*, a tale of the salvation of an unhappy marriage.

Peter Lind Hayes Show (Fri. 7:15 p.m., CBS). With the well-drilled Norman Paris Trio.

Chautauqua Symphony (Sat. 4:05 p.m., ABC). Première, with Guest Conductor Walter Hendl.

Hollywood Bowl Concert (Mon. 8 p.m., NBC). With Guest Conductor Sir Adrian Boult and Soloists Eleanor Steber and Jan Peerce.

Gunsmoke (Mon. 9 p.m., CBS). A top-drawer western.

TELEVISION

Ford Theater (Thurs., 9:30 p.m., NBC). William Lundigan and Wanda Hendrix in *The Bachelor*.

The Jack Paar Show (Sat. 9:30 p.m., CBS). The première of a new comedy-music show, with Vocalists Betty Clooney, Johnny Desmond.

What in the World (Sun. 5 p.m., CBS). Archaeology turned into a fascinating guessing game.

Colgate Summer Comedy Hour (Sun. 8 p.m., NBC). Starring curvaceous Dancer Sheree North.

Top Plays of 1954 (Tues. 9:30 p.m., NBC). Irene Dunne stars in *Sister Veronica*.



THE PRESS

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The Trib in Transition

For seasoned readers of the Chicago Tribune (circ. 877,636) the announcement on the editorial page last week was something of a shocker. Under the headline NEW DEPARTMENT, the *Trib* said matter-of-factly: "That its readers may have the benefit of other views in judging issues of national and international policy, the *Tribune* is instituting a department on this page designated 'The Other Side,' [reprinting] editorials from other newspapers which generally reject judgments sharply opposed to our own."

Readers were understandably surprised since the *Trib* customarily brooks no "internationalist," "pro-Eisenhower" or "left-wing" nonsense in its pages. For 30 years, the paper has faithfully expressed the views of its eccentric publisher, Colonel Robert R. McCormick. It still runs no syndicated political columnists because there are none whose views would fit day to day with the views of the colonel. But last week, to prove that it meant what it said, the *Trib* ran a series of editorials from such sources as the Fair Dealing New York Post and Nashville Tennessean and even Britain's Manchester Guardian.

Changing Times. Is the *Trib* changing its ways? There were signs that it is. Recently the paper printed an editorial saying that its longtime hero Joe McCarthy had begun to "irritate" too many people. Even the paper's front-page cartoons, which often showed a runty, Ike-faced figure, idly playing golf while bigger tasks went undone in the background, have been replaced by nonpolitical cartoons. More and more readers detect a hint of reasonableness in *Trib* editorials for some of the opinions of the other side. Apart from politics, the colonel has ordered dry runs on a gossip column for the *Trib*, although in the past he has scorned such things as the work of "keyhole peepers."

Changing Circulation. The changes are all the colonel's doing. In his Tribune Tower office, the colonel has learned from the business office figures that the methods that made the paper successful are no longer working as well. Circulation has dropped almost 20% since 1946 (although a big circulation campaign has recently made it turn upward again slightly), while John Knight's Daily News has steadily gained, and Marshall Field's Sun-Times has edged into the black.

Old (73) and ailing, the colonel was so busy with the Washington Times-Herald, until he sold it four months ago to the Washington Post, that he had less time for the *Trib*. But now he is back on the job again and his handsome, outspoken wife, Maryland McCormick, has accurately read the signs, as have top *Trib* executives. From staff and distaff side, the colonel has been gently urged to make changes in the paper. Says Maryland McCormick: "The odds seem to be against the extreme right wing. It's very sad, but true, and why not face it?"

"An Evangelist of Fun"

In the clubhouse at Florida's Hialeah race track, a breathless friend once greeted a reporter: "Say, I've just met Grantland Rice, the greatest guy you ever saw." "That," replied the reporter, "is the most unoriginal remark I've ever heard." In the fast, competitive world of sports-writing, where writers more often than praise each other, no one ever knocked courtly, gentle Henry Grantland Rice. In 53 years as a sports reporter, "Granny" Rice turned out more than 1,000,000 words of sports copy a year, plus hundreds of magazine articles and several volumes of verse. For years he picked his own All-America football teams, narrated scores of sports movie



GRANNY RICE
He stood for a Golden Age.

shorts, knew more sports greats than any man alive. To millions, he stood for the 1920's "Golden Age" of sports.

In his column, "The Spotlight," syndicated to more than 100 U.S. dailies, Granny Rice did more than report sports, often in sentimental vein. "He was the prophet of the glory of games," said his old friend, Manhattan Adman Bruce Barton, "he was an evangelist of fun."

Anonymous Wires. Tennessee-born Grantland Rice graduated Vanderbilt University ('01) and got a job on the Nashville News. He covered the state Capitol and county courthouse, handled general assignments and covered sports. His salary: \$5 a week. He concentrated on sportswriting, soon moved on to other papers. While on the Atlanta Journal, he was harried by anonymous telegrams and letters from Anniston, Ala., all carrying the same message: "Cobb is a real comer . . ." Skeptically, Rice traveled to Anniston and watched a youngster named Tyrus

Raymond Cobb play semipro baseball. The next day he began writing stories about the undiscovered outfielder at Aniston. As a result, Cobb was later signed by the Detroit Tigers and started on his matchless major-league career (20 years later, Cobb confessed to Rice that he had sent the letter and telegrams himself).

Sportswriter Rice really started to make a national name himself when he went to work for the old *New York Mail*. He moved on to the *Tribune* and other papers, finally began to write a syndicated column. He coined the phrase "the Four Horsemen" for Notre Dame's famed backfield the day in 1924 that they beat Army ("Outlined against a blue-gray October sky, the Four Horsemen rode again. In dramatic lore they are known as Famine, Pestilence, Destruction and Death . . . Their real names are Stuhldreher, Miller, Crowley and Layden").

Too Many Stadiums. Rice lived sports, was always kind to those he wrote about. At the race track he inevitably bought a pocketful of daily-double tickets, sometimes forgot to collect when he won. He was never too busy to praise a colleague, help a cub, or compose a verse. One of his favorites was:

*When the Great Scorer comes
To mark against your name,
He'll write not "won" or "lost,"
But how you played the game.*

Until the last few years, Granny Rice never slowed down, still worked ten or twelve hours a day, though he confessed that "lately I get the idea that I've carried too many typewriters to the top of too many stadiums." One day last week he went to New York from East Hampton, L.I., where he was spending the summer. He planned to watch the All-Star baseball game on television. He stopped at his office to write a column, suffered a stroke at noon. Six hours later, Granny Rice, 73, died. He was buried outside Manhattan near the fairway of a golf course, not far from Babe Ruth's grave.

Truce

When the *Wall Street Journal* ran sketches and a dope story on 1955-model cars, General Motors protested by canceling all its ads and putting an embargo on all news to America's No. 1 business newspaper (*TIME*, June 28). The *W.S.J.* stood its ground, insisted it would continue to dig up news about G.M. despite the ban. Last week G.M. and the *W.S.J.* announced a truce. General Motors, explained G.M. President Harlow H. Curtice, has been interested only in protecting its "property rights," i.e., its ownership of copyrighted blueprints of new models. "It was never our intention," he added, "to interfere in any way with [the *W.S.J.*'s] publication of news." On his part, *W.S.J.* President Bernard Kilgore told Curtice that "[we have] no desire to injure or transgress property rights." Last week, with the misunderstanding straightened out, the *W.S.J.* was once again getting both the regular flow of G.M. news and the \$25,000 a year in ads that G.M. had canceled.



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SCIENCE

X-Ray Microscope

At a conference of the International Council of Scientific Unions in London, Sterling P. Newberry of the General Electric Co. last week told about the invention of an instrument that scientists have coveted for years. It is a new X-ray microscope, developed by Newberry and Selby E. Summers at the G.E. laboratory in Schenectady.

Scientists have never been able to get a magnified X-ray look at internal structures through ordinary optical microscopes, since X rays cannot be focused by optical lenses like ordinary light. The best X rays can do is to cast shadows of the objects that they have passed through.



U.S. Navy

WAKE ISLAND

After tropical rains, a sea-borne invader.

Usually, the shadows are ill-defined because the source of the X rays is comparatively large (e.g. as in an X-ray chest plate). As the source grows smaller, the sharpness of the shadows increases.

In the G.E. microscope, the X rays are generated by an electron beam that is focused by electronic lenses on a spot only one-one-hundredth of an inch in diameter, 300 times smaller than the diameter of a human hair. X rays coming from this tiny pinpoint cast shadows so sharp that they keep their definition even when thrown on a fluorescent screen or photographic film with 1,500 diameters of magnification.

According to Newberry, the new instrument will permit biologists, for the first time, to examine microscopically the interiors of such small living organisms as fruit flies and germinating seeds. It will aid the study of the internal fine structure of metals, paints, plastics and other materials. In medicine, it will enable pathologists to study small-scale ailments such as tooth decay and hardening of the arteries.

Why Atolls?

Geologists find coral atolls as fascinating as detective stories. The clues lie strung through the earth's warm seas in festoons of ringlike islands, like Wake Island in the Pacific (*see cut*). And for more than a century the geologists have been debating what the clues really mean. The most familiar theory is that atolls started as coral reefs fringing a small island. When the island sank (or the sea rose), the ring of coral kept growing upward, eventually forming an atoll with a lagoon where the island used to be.

In the latest *American Journal of Science*, F. Stearns MacNeil of the U.S. Geological Survey adds up the old clues to



U.S. Navy

get a new theory: the rings were formed on dry land and later sank below the sea. He believes that coral and other sea organisms, growing on a shallow bottom, will build up a flat-topped reef (like many that exist today). In some cases, he says, such reefs were raised above the water, probably by changes of sea level because of ice ages, to become full-fledged islands. Then furious tropical rain went to work on the porous coral, dissolving it. The center of the island eroded faster than the rim, particularly if it had picked up a layer of soil. Reason: the soil contributed acids that attacked the limestone.

The soft coral of the rim, by alternate solution and recrystallization, was "case-hardened" into solid rock that eventually stood in a high wall around most of the island. Then after the once-flat coral reef had eroded into a saucer, MacNeil believes, the sea rose again and flooded the low center. When the sea rose high enough, more coral grew on the high rim, building it up and forming the familiar shape of an atoll.

Geologist MacNeil is prepared to offer

two kinds of evidence to support his stand. First, there are actually many islands, standing well above sea level, whose high rims and comparatively low centers could very well have been formed by the process he describes. Second, and even more convincing, the theory has survived a realistic laboratory test. A block of limestone, he reports, sprayed with dilute hydrochloric acid to approximate the effect of long-continued rain, erodes into a shallow saucer with a raised rim.

Warmer Future

It is high time, in the opinion of Greenland-born Dr. Svend Frederiksen of Washington's Arctic Institute, that the world take account of its changing climate. For 50 years or more, says Dr. Frederiksen (who likes to describe himself as one of the world's two practicing Eskimos*), the climate of the Arctic has been warming up, making agriculture possible where it has not been practiced in modern times. Southern Greenlanders are raising cattle and sheep as the Viking colonists did a thousand years ago—before their colony was destroyed, probably by increasing cold. Oats can be grown in Iceland and cabbages near Fort George on James Bay. The timber line is steadily creeping northward across the Canadian tundra.

The Arctic seas are warming had, too. Eskimos of Greenland have had to abandon seal hunting; the seals have moved farther north. Instead, the Eskimos are fishing for cod, which have moved in from the south. Even north of Siberia the water is growing warmer; the Russians are having less trouble with ice on their far-northern sea route.

Dr. Frederiksen believes that warmth and cold in the Arctic come in cycles of about 1,800 years. Before the last peak of cold, from which the Arctic is just emerging, Greenland was really green, and the sea between Greenland and Iceland was sufficiently free of ice to permit the tiny ships of the Vikings to sail without disaster. Dr. Frederiksen predicts that this condition will return, and that great areas of Siberia, Canada and Alaska, now almost uninhabitable, will be opened to agriculture. Population will move north, and the world's balance of power may be affected.

Less welcome will be another effect: as the cold recedes the southerly regions will turn increasingly warm. Dr. Frederiksen believes that the gradual shift of climate will make the southern part of the U.S. hotter and drier than it is now. Farmers will have to pump more water on their fields, and in many places water may be less plentiful.

The change of climate is slow and undramatic, but Dr. Frederiksen thinks that it is none too soon for governments to plan for the warmer future. The change will affect the economy of nations, the health of their people and the politics of the world. "Already," he says, "we are deep in the warming-up period."

* The other: Professor (of Eskimology) Erik Hultvedt at the University of Copenhagen.

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Canned beer also facilitates setting up special Beer Departments. Multiple-unit sales are the rule, for even a 24-can case is easily carried home. Moreover, because of the compactness of cans, a large supply of chilled beer can be crowded into the average store refrigerator.

There are so many good ideas for promoting canned beer that Continental has prepared a special film on the subject. Brewery salesmen all over the country have seen it and are taking its practical suggestions to food store, package store and tavern men.

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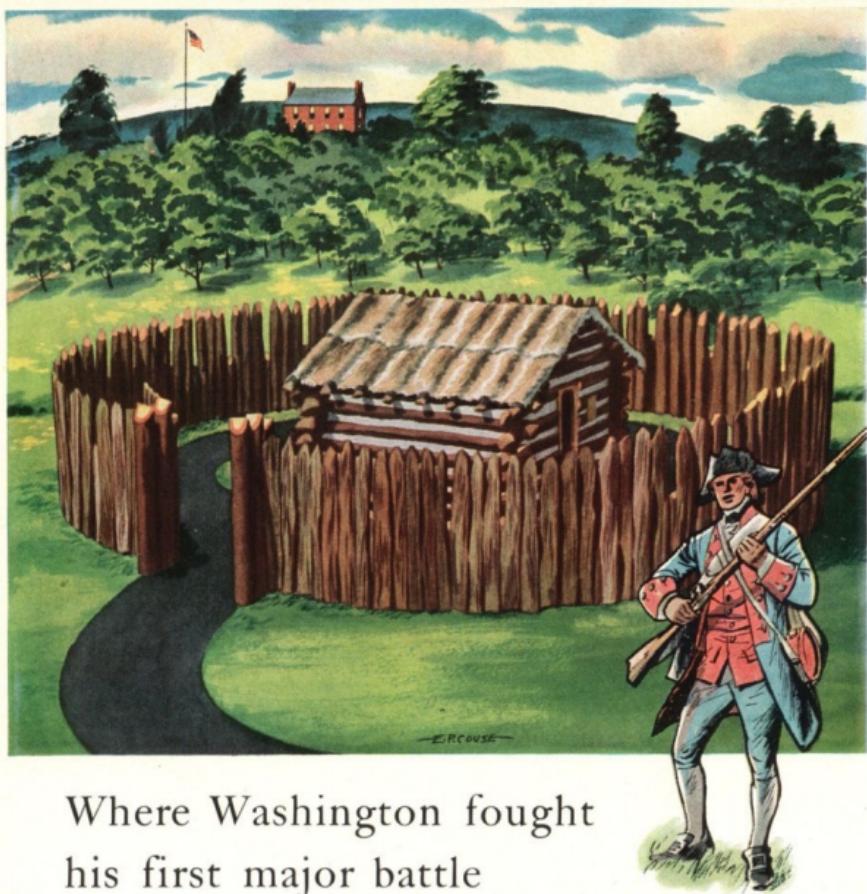
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PLASTIC BOTTLES



DECOWARE



Where Washington fought his first major battle

FORT NECESSITY, located near Uniontown, Pennsylvania, occupies an important place in American history. On July 3, 1754, George Washington, then a young Colonel, engaged in his first major battle here.

Washington's troops fought a long engagement with the French and Indians. The battle itself was insignificant. What it portended, however, was not. For, at Fort Necessity, Washington wrote his name on the pages of American history and gave evidence of the leadership that, eventually, was to result in independence for the Colonies.

Fort Necessity deserves to be commemorated. And it has been. Surrounded by a State Park of 311 acres, a replica of Fort Necessity stands as a shrine. On July 3rd and 4th of this year, The Fort Necessity National

Battlefield Site was the scene of international ceremonies marking the 200th anniversary of the historic struggle.

To make sure that the replica of Fort Necessity would be an *enduring* monument, the wood palisades, logs and planks were pressure-treated by Koppers with a chemical preservative that protects wood against weathering, de-

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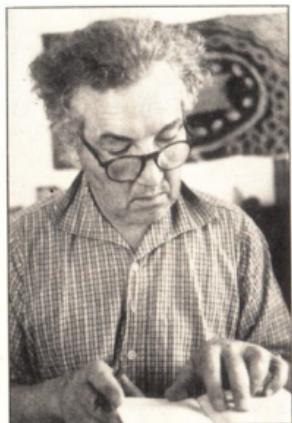
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RELIGION

According to Graves

The Holy Bible, a comfort and a bulwark of doctrine for plain Christians, is a mighty challenge for serious scholars and a treasure trove for cranks. The ordinary layman reads little of the work of either—scholars are all too often unreadable, cranks are generally unpublishable. But when a crank has the reputation and writing ability of Novelist Robert (*I, Claudius*) Graves, publishers are glad to let him run on for page after page. *The Nazarene Gospel Restored* (Doubleday; \$10), by Robert Graves and Joshua Podro, published last week, runs on for 982.

The Reassurance. "This book is published," write the authors, ". . . to reassure the lay public that the original Gospel stood foursquare . . ." But the layman



Daniel Parsons—Picture Post

NOVELIST GRAVES
Paul is the villain.

who reads on soon finds that the "original Gospel" according to Graves and Podro is a far cry from the canonical books of the New Testament. The canonical books, "judged by Greek literary standards" say Graves & Podro ". . . are poor; by historical standards, unreliable; and their doctrine is confused and contradictory. The late-Victorian atheist (was it Bradlaugh?) may be excused for remarking that they read as though 'concocted by illiterate, half-starved visionaries in some dark corner of a Graeco-Syrian slum.'"

The foursquare Gospel discovered by Graves & Podro purports to be the Word as it was before the Gentiles began to monkey with it. Jesus, in the Graves-Padro work, was "a man of unusual learning, wit and piety," a member of a small apocalyptic sect. He was adopted by Mary Magdalene, crowned King of the Jews by John the Baptist at a ceremony that included a ritual mockery and

beating. This, according to the authors, is where the mocking and scourging by the soldiers of Pilate really belongs. The Graves-Padro Jesus decided to bring on the Kingdom by his death, and appointed Judas, his "most faithful and perceptive" disciple, to betray him. Taken down from the cross, apparently dead, he revived in the tomb, met with several of his disciples, saw he had made a mistake, and went off to the "Land of Nod" to start all over again.

Paul is the villain of the Gospel—according-to-Graves-&-Podro. A "Greek-speaking adventurer" disguised as a Pharisee, and certainly no Jew, he began his subversion of the Nazarene Church after he had been converted on the road to Damascus—not by a vision but by Jesus' actual appearance, which literally scared the daylight out of him.

Advice to Protestants. Whence came the Nazarene Gospel? Simply out of the free-wheeling scholarship of Authors Graves & Podro. They do not provide their fat volume with a bibliography. The reason they give: at least 60,000 volumes would have to be listed. There is no general index. Much of the work has appeared before fictionally in Graves's novel, *King Jesus* (TIME, Sept. 30, 1946). But the spadework of Amateur Scholar Joshua Podro, a director of a press-clipping bureau, who suffered the threat of Christian pogroms with his devout Jewish family in Poland, has supplied much more material for Graves's imaginative method of rewriting history. "If these findings are to be accepted," write the authors, "historically-minded Protestants will conclude that only one honest course is left to them: namely, to revive Jesus' own form of Judaism and subject themselves to circumcision and the laws of ritual cleanliness in token of their sincerity."

Words & Works

¶ This is the "dying hour of Protestantism" in Germany, said Germany's neutralist-minded Pastor Martin Niemöller, as quoted this week in the *Christian Century*. "Should the forced partition of our people persist, then . . . Romanization threatens in the West in the near future, while the existence of Protestantism behind the Iron Curtain can at best continue for only one generation. At present, everything indicates that Romanization here and Sovietization there can hardly be opposed with a chance of success." If the state uses its authority to impose Christianity, says Niemöller, "Protestantism will go to pot."

¶ The Philip Murray Memorial Foundation, established by the C.I.O. in honor of its late president, a Roman Catholic, announced two grants: \$200,000 to the National Council of Churches to be used "on behalf of the practical application of religious principles to the everyday world of economic life," and \$150,000 to the Rosalie Foundling and Maternity Hospital (Catholic) in Pittsburgh.

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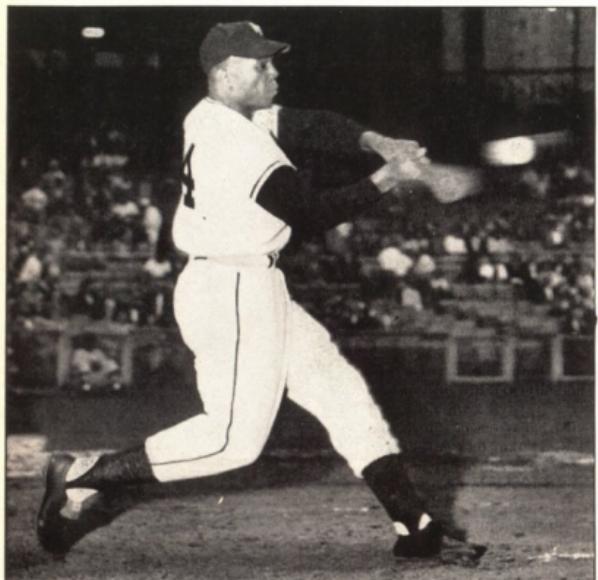
(See Cover)

Hunched on the eastern shoulder of Manhattan, the grimy crest of Coogan's Bluff glowers across the Harlem River toward The Bronx. All day, traffic snarls past its littered slopes. Torn newspapers rustle in the limp breeze that swirls along the dirty asphalt of Eighth Avenue; street urchins scuffle in the dust and codge quarters under the rusty shade of the elevated tracks.

Crowning this dismal landscape, a great, curved, steel-and-stone shrine called the

taking ball games at a better than two-to-one clip, and they have battered the second-place Brooklyn Dodgers into a temporary state of slack-jawed apprehension. This week they were on top of the National League with a handsome six-game lead after Sunday's games. If asked to explain this happy state of affairs in one word, the Giant fan is at no loss. The word is "Willie."

A Boy in a Hurry. Willie Howard Mays Jr., a cinnamon-tinted young man from Fairfield, Ala., on the edge of Birmingham, has fielded, batted and laughed the long-lackluster New York Giants into



By Peskin—Sports Illustrated

A boy's glee, a pro's sureness, a champion's flair.

Polo Grounds beckons to the faithful all summer long. By the tens of thousands they respond. They are a special, indestructible breed called Giant fans. Unquestionably, they submit to the nerve-jangling rites of entrance: the steaming subway ride or the stuffy taxi crawling across Harlem, the foul-tempered guards who herd them through turnstiles at the gate. Inside, the vast stands sprawl in the sun, the carefully tended ball field is green and trim, ready for the game.

At this inviting sight, the hearts of Giant fans quicken and their eyes gleam. In the big world outside, the pitchers are throwing bean balls, and there seems to be little but trouble. But inside the small, noisy world of the Polo Grounds, all is well. The Giants are winning. They are

a state of combative enterprise. A husky (180 lbs., 5 ft. 11 in.), smooth-muscled athlete with a broad, guileless face, he plays baseball with a boy's glee, a pro's sureness and a champion's flair. On the ball diamond, he is in a hurry; he never walks when there is room to run, even if only from bench to field or field to shower room. In the broad domain of centerfield, Mays covers ground with limber-legged speed to pull down balls tagged with the promise of extra bases. He throws from center with a zip and an aim that have brought chagrin to the National League's brashest baserunners. "He's thrown men out at first like he was a shortstop," says the Giants' captain and shortstop, Alvin Dark. "He nails 'em at home like he was throwing from second."

At the plate, Willie stands, with comfortable authority, in the classic legs-astride pose (weight about equally divided between both legs, feet about a yard apart). His big bat (.35 in., 34 oz.) is currently connecting for a hit one out of three times (.331 clip). A "spray hitter," apt to send the ball to any field, he rarely tries to place his shots but swings for the fences. "When you tag 'em good," says Willie Mays, "they'll go over the roof in any park."

Willie Mays is only 23, and he is playing only his third season (and first full one) in the major leagues. There are other major leaguers, even centerfielders, who stand above him in the statistics (e.g., Brooklyn's Duke Snider, who is fielding as flawlessly as Mays and is batting .359 to Willie's .331). But with his showman's manner and his in-the-clutch timing, Willie Mays is baseball's sensation of the season. To the scandal of some sentimentalists, he is already being talked of as the equal or even the better of the great Tris Speaker and Joe DiMaggio. He has hit .33 home runs in 89 games—a pace which puts him six games ahead of Babe Ruth's majestic record of 66 homers, and there are some impetuous enough to suggest that Willie is the one to climb that Everest of baseball some day.

Stealing Ball Games. "I don't need to tell you where we are now," said a Giant executive. "And I can't help believing Willie is the reason." Added one of Willie's opponents, Chicago Cubs' Pitcher Hal Jeffcoat: "He's out there all the time, stealing your ball game. He makes the kind of plays that win ball games, and he'll do it every day."

One player does not make a winning team in the intricate, machine-tooled, split-second game that big-league baseball has become. But even Willie Mays' teammates seem to feel that his presence works some special charm that makes the club better in the field and at bat. To support the feeling, they point to the record.

Only three years ago, substantially the same Giant team as today's started the season like bushers. A converted outfielder named Whitey Lockman was learning to play first base. On third, another converted outfielder, Henry Thompson, was booting oftener than a cavalryman's cobbler. Such seasoned pitchers as Sal Maglie and Larry Jansen were giving away runs as if they were CARE packages.

In one dismal stretch the Giants lost 11 in a row. It was a test of fire for loyal followers, and many a diehard, headed for Coogan's Bluff, was heard to mutter lamely that he was going out to the ballpark only because he needed a sunbath. The lard-encased Manhattan saloonkeeper, Toots Shor, once spoke the agony of all Giant fans in one gloomy flirtation with apostasy. "I been wonderin' lately," he told a friend, "I'm raising my kids to be Giant fans. I don't know whether I'm doing the right thing."

Then the Giants called up Willie Mays, who was hitting a fancy .477 for the Minneapolis Millers of the American Association, the Giants' No. 1 farm team.



Yale Joel—Life

THE POLO GROUNDS

In the world outside, the pitchers are throwing bean balls.

Willie had already made himself so popular in Minneapolis that the Giants' President Stoneham felt obliged to publish ads in the local Minneapolis newspapers to apologize for taking the young man away. But in his first days as a Giant, 20-year-old Willie was a flop. The rookie got only one lonesome hit in his first 26 times at bat.

Once, after a night game, Willie burst into tears. "Boss," he sobbed to Manager Leo Durocher, "you better bench me or send me back to the Millers. I'm hurtin' the team." Tough-minded, tough-tongued Leo knew better. He put his arm across Willie's shoulders. "Son," he said, "you're not going anywhere but here. Just keep swinging, because you're my centerfielder, even if you don't get a hit for the rest of the season."

"Wait Till Next Year." From then on, Willie was on fire. Up against Boston's Speedballer Warren Spahn for the first time in the Polo Grounds, he teed off on a three-and-one pitch and lofted it over the leftfield roof for a homer. His batting average started to climb. In the field he could do no wrong, did much that was phenomenal. He had an unconscious knack for doing the spectacular, an uncanny instinct for anticipating batters and baserunners. Once, when he dove out from under his cap (Mays frequently loses his cap) to catch a sinking line drive, he reached back, caught his cap in one hand and the ball in the other. Against the Dodgers one day, he raced into right center after a long fly, snagged it with a prodigious stretch, spun completely around, off balance, and rifled a perfect strike to the plate to throw out the Dodgers' speedy Billy Cox. Around big-league locker rooms, that play is still referred to as "The Throw."

Willie's personal bonfire soon ignited all the Giants. The pitchers began throwing like winners, and Outfielder Don Mueller pieced out a 19-game hitting streak. The infield tightened into one of the best in the league. It was perilously late in the season—the Giants were $13\frac{1}{2}$ out of the lead on Aug. 11. But in a wild and breathless finish, they tied the Dodgers on the last day of the season, beat them in the playoff for the pennant, with Bobby Thomson's last-ditch "Home Run Heard Round the World." When they lost the World Series

to the Yankees, the Giants comforted themselves with thoughts of next year.

But the Giants had to play through without Willie; his draft number came up. Mays applied for a deferment on the ground that he was the principal support of his mother and a passel of nine half-brothers and sisters back in Alabama; it was not granted. He flunked his pre-induction aptitude test. But the Army prevailed nonetheless. With Mays gone, the Giants finished 1952 in second place, 4½ games behind the Dodgers.

A Style of His Own. The Giants' sad showing in Willie's absence, and their winning performance when he got back, established him as a big-leaguer with a promising future. "A natural-born ball-player," said Leo Durocher. In the case of Mays, Durocher was close to the literal truth. Willie's father, Willie Sr., was called "Kitty Cat" for his lithe grace as outfielder and lead-off hitter for the Black Barons of the Negro National League, until he quit the game in 1948 (at the age of 37). Willie was only 14 months old when Willie Sr. began teaching him the game. Every afternoon the father would come home from the steel mill

where he worked, get out a rubber ball and roll it across the floor to Willie. "I'd roll it 30 or 40 times, until I got tired," he remembers. "Willie never got tired. As soon as I stopped rolling the ball, he'd start to holler."

By the time Willie was three, father and son were playing catch. At six, Willie was so anxious to get ahead with his baseball that he could not wait for the old man to come home. Afternoons, on the ball diamond across the street, he played a strenuous and lonely game: he would toss a ball in the air and run it down, or hit out a fungo, then tear around the bases and slide ferociously into home.

At Fairfield Industrial High School, Willie picked up the nickname "Buckduck," and specialized in a course in cleaning and pressing. There was no baseball team, but Willie at 14 was already good enough to play with steel-mill clubs and independent semiprofessionals. When Willie was 16, Kitty Cat called up his old friend, Lorenzo ("Piper") Davis, manager of the Black Barons, and got the boy a tryout. Three games later, young Buckduck Mays was the Barons' regular centerfielder.

Even then, Willie had a style of his own. The long hours of rolling a rubber ball with his father had taught him the spectacular "breadbasket" catch that still thrills fans in the Polo Grounds. With his hands held low, the big glove deceptively casual somewhere around his belt, he grabbed fly balls and got them away fast—flinging them in with a whipping side-arm motion.

"What You Gonna Do?" But Willie was something less than a whiz at the plate. Piper promised him a \$5 monthly bonus for hitting more than .300, and Willie never collected. "Trouble was," says Piper, "he stood a little too close and stuck that left shoulder around in front of him like he was peekin' at the pitcher. He kept thinkin' for a while that all the pitchers were trying to hit him, but he was just crowdin'."

Off the ball field, Willie had a passion for pool and a form of five-card rummy called "Dime Tonk." One night he played pool so intensely that he missed the Barons' bus when the team left for a doubleheader in St. Louis. "A mile or so out of town," says Piper, "there comes a taxi pulling up alongside, honkin' its horn,



United Press
DUROCER & MAYS (ROUNDING THIRD)
"Just keep swinging."



United Press

DARK, IRVIN, WESTRUM & MAYS IN THE CLUBHOUSE
Good sports get too much practice losing.

and Willie jumps out, screamin' like a bird: "What you gonna do? You gonna leave me? I'm a pro ballplayer here. You can't leave me."

Willie was dead right. He was indeed a pro ballplayer, and the big-league scouts soon had their eyes on him. In the spring of 1950, agents of the Chicago White Sox and the Boston Braves were waiting for his class to graduate from Fairfield High so that they could make him an offer. While they waited, a couple of hustling Giant scouts, Ed Montague and Bill Harris, came to Birmingham to take a look at the Barons' first baseman. That night Montague telephoned New York. "That first baseman won't do," he reported. "But I saw a young kid of an outfielder that I can't believe. He can run, hit to either field, and he has a real good arm. Don't ask any questions. You've got to get this boy."

Wily Jack Schwartz, chief assistant to Carl Hubbell, the pitcher who now runs the Giants' farm system, was convinced. He told Montague to go get Willie. "Don't leave without signing him," ordered Schwartz. The Braves had already made a "win and it" offer to the Barons' manager—\$7,500 for Willie's contract, \$7,500 more if he made good. Montague promptly upped the ante to a flat \$10,000 for the Barons. After Willie's graduation, Montague offered him a personal bonus of \$5,000. Willie signed on as a New York Giant.

Ground Broken. Young, impressionable, little-tutored in the ways of the world, Willie Mays might not have been a wise gamble had he come along a few years before. But by the time the Giants signed him, the ground was well broken for Negroes in the majors. The Brooklyn Dodgers and Jackie Robinson had been the pioneers, and the New York Giants, by the time Mays signed his contract, had already taken on Hank Thompson, Monte Irvin and a Cuban catcher named Rafael

Noble.* Willie Mays was able to meet the test strictly on his merits as a ballplayer.

Willie started with the Giants' farm club in Trenton, N.J., in the Class B Inter-State League. By the next spring (1951), he was up to Triple A ball in Minneapolis. Willie was working overtime on his hitting. He collected pictures of his favorite ballplayer, Joe DiMaggio. He studied Joe's stance in the batter's box, patterned his swing after the Yankee Clipper's. Mays began to connect almost every other time at bat.

In the field, however, Willie was content to be just Willie. DiMaggio, with his effortless ground-eating lopé, made the hard ones look easy. Willie, with his jackrabbit sprint and his flashy, breadbasket catch, made even the high, arcing flies that fielders call "cans of corn" look hard. Willie could break a batter's heart with astonishing, acrobatic saves. Everything he did in the field he did instinctively well.

"God gave Willie the instincts of a ballplayer," explains Leo Durocher. "All I had to do was add a little practical advice about wearing his pants higher to give the pitchers a smaller strike zone. Otherwise, I let Willie's instincts alone. Hit the kid a fly with a couple of men on and he'll peg to the right base without thinking. Maybe I'll tell him where to play for this or that batter, or when to wait out a pitcher. That's all. Hell, I learn about baseball just by watching the kid."

Chalk & Flour. The day their prize outfielder was separated from the Army, the Giants had a savvy scout named

* Negroes are now on the rosters of seven of the National League clubs (all but Philadelphia), as follows: Brooklyn, five; Chicago, two; Cincinnati, two; Milwaukee, four; New York, four; Pittsburgh, one; St. Louis, one. Only three of the American League clubs have Negro players: Cleveland, four; Philadelphia Athletics and Chicago White Sox, one each.

Frank Forbes, 61, waiting at the gate to take him in tow. An oldtime Negro athlete (baseball, basketball and boxing), Forbes is the professional godfather to the Giants' Negro ballplayers. With his other charges safely married, Forbes' main preoccupation is Willie.

"When I first met Willie," says Forbes, "I thought he was the most open, decent, down-to-earth guy I'd ever seen—completely unspoiled and completely natural. I was worried to death about the kind of people he might get mixed up with. He'd have to live in Harlem, and believe me, that can be a bad place, full of people just waiting to part an innocent youngster from his money. Somebody had to see to it that Willie wasn't exploited, sift the chalk from the flour, figure out who was in a racket and who was representing a decent organization."

Forbes arranged to rent a room for Willie from a friend, Mrs. David Goosby, whose five-room Harlem apartment is little more than a Willie Mays throw from the Polo Grounds. Mrs. Goosby treats Willie a little like a son, occasionally gives him a motherly talk "about taking care of himself." "Not that he needs it often," says Mrs. Goosby. "Willie's a good boy. About all I have to lecture him on besides eating properly is his habit of reading comic books. That boy spends hours, I swear, with those comics."

Willie's eating is hardly a problem. He puts away two big meals a day: fruit, bacon and eggs, hash-brown potatoes and milk for breakfast, steaks or chops and the fixings for dinner. Evenings, after a game or a trip to the movies (preferably westerns), Willie raids the icebox for the makings of a sandwich. Then he usually plays his records for a while. He has a big collection of pop records (leaning to sentimental ballads, Nat "King" Cole or Billy Eckstine variety), and he takes a portable record player and a stack of records along when the team goes on the road.

On the nights that he steps out, Willie outfits himself from a big wardrobe; his closet bulges with expensively tailored sport coats, sharp slacks and monogrammed shirts, but very few ties. Willie hates ties. Wears them only for such special events as his increasingly frequent TV and banquet appearances. "He's not flashy," says Mrs. Goosby, "but my, is he fussy. He won't wear anything that's the slightest bit wrinkled or spotted."

A Simple Question. Two or three nights a week, when the Giants are at home, the star centerfielder of the big leagues scoots down the block from the Goosby apartment to play a fast game of stickball with a band of ten- or twelve-year-old boys. Capering and joking with the kids, Mays coaches their play, urges them in his high, giggle-edged voice: "Throw harder! Harder!"

Currently the darling of the sports-writers, Mays has been widely depicted in print as a high-spirited chatterbox, a dugout wit and locker room clown. On the field he often does crackle like an old

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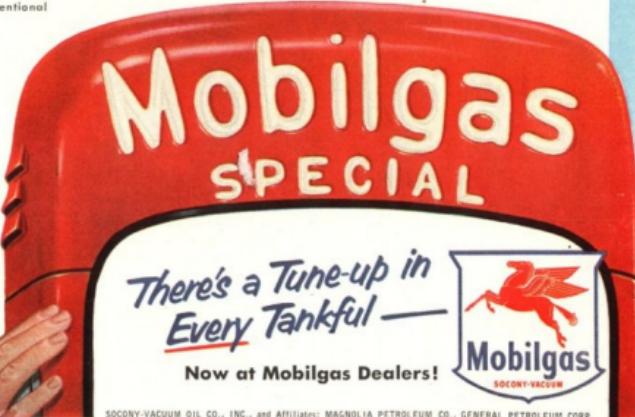
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Ford magneto, kids in a boy-and-father way with Manager Durocher. But off the field Mays curbs his tongue and his curiosity. "When Willie wants to know something," says Guardian Forbes, with considered understatement, "he'll ask a simple question. All he wants is a simple answer. Then he don't see any reason for chewing it up any further. Willie isn't loquacious."

With occasional eloquent and/or exotic exceptions (perhaps the dean of them all: Dizzy Dean), ballplayers generally are a reticent lot, given less to the clubhouse high jinks than the sports pages suggest, given more to the somber dollars-and-cents business of winning ball games than the hero worshipers like to believe. The high-riding New York Giants of 1954 cling in curt, almost surly fashion to the stereotype—they get together in clubhouse and ballpark not to win friends but to win ball games. Even on the crest, as they were while clouting the Brooklyns six straight in a pair of recent series, the Giants were in no mood for skylarking.

In the visitors' locker room at Ebbets Field, the Giants sulked away a long afternoon while they waited to start the last of the series with the arch-enemy, Outside, a thin rain drenched Brooklyn. "Do you think those bums'll call it off?" muttered Hank Thompson as he rifled through his fan mail. "Hell, no. Anything for a lousy dollar." He slouched over for a rubdown from the trainer. Off in a corner, Willie Mays and his road-trip roommate, Monte Irvin, laughed apathetically over a joke. Across the room, a group of players carried on a silent gin-rummy game. Conversation, what there was of it, was dominated by an unimaginative profanity. Soon someone cussed out the clubhouse boy and sent him for sandwiches. Outside, a bunch of hopeful boys clustered about the dressing-room window and pleaded for autographs. No one offered an autograph, but one Giant raised his glass of beer and showered it on the kids. Hungry for a pennant, the Giants were suffering from the mean-spirited myopia that shrinks the ballplayer's world to the confines of a ballpark and welcomes no outsiders.

Leo's Kind of Club. "This is my kind of ball club," explained Manager Durocher. "They're nice guys, every one of them—away from the field. But here, they'll cut your heart out to win. Hell, I'm a nice guy myself when I'm out to dinner. But even if I'm pitching pennies, I want to beat the cursing life out of you. If I lose a big ball game, sure, I'll shake your hand afterwards, but I'm bleeding inside." He snorted. "Good sportsmanship is so much sheep dip. Good sports get that way because they have so much practice losing."

Leo the Lip was willing, however, to talk about his team at length. The Giants lead the league, said he, because they have "strength through the middle." There is Westrum, a solid, dependable catcher; a stable of pitchers with "just enough age" (Maglie, Hearn and Grissom) and "just enough youth" (Antonelli, Gome and Liddle); a steady, seasoned shortstop



MAYS AT BAT IN HARLEM STICKBALL GAME
In the breadbasket, cans of corn.

NBC

(Alvin Dark) teamed up with scrappy Davey Williams at second. And in centerfield—Durocher paused to savor the name—amazing Willie Mays. "Look at the kid," says Leo. "He come to a long"

With his youth and his talent, a long and greater career may lie ahead of Willie Mays—perhaps even the fulfillment of some of the rashest claims already made for him. Opposing National Leaguers can be found who call him the best around in the field; the doubts about his fitness for lasting remembrance focus on his bat. "In the field I don't think you can beat him," says Veteran Pitcher Warren Spahn (now of the Milwaukee Braves). "At bat, he may not be as good as he looks. He makes mistakes and goes for bad pitches."

But while the fame and plaudits last, the bouncing boy from Fairfield is wisely and modestly cashing in on them. The Giants pay him perhaps \$17,500 a year, making Willie Mays one of the biggest major-league bargains since Cincinnati drafted Christy Mathewson for \$100 after the 1900 season. To swell that comparative pitance (the Boston Red Sox' Ted Williams gets a reported \$100,000, Brooklyn's Robinson \$40,000), Mays, through his agent, now endorses Chesterfields (he seldom smokes), Coca-Cola (he drinks it by the case), Red Man chewing tobacco (he chews nothing but gum) and Rollfast bikes (he drives a chartreuse Lincoln convertible). TV producers compete for him and are glad to pay \$500 for each self-conscious, carefully coached Mays appearance on a TV panel or quiz show. Journalists bedevil him for the rudiments of a biography or a morning's column. "It's got so Willie can't get into a shower without some reporter or photographer trying to get in with him," complained a fellow Giant.

It makes Willie Mays just a little nervous and uncomfortable. But it has not wiped the gaping smile off his face, weak-

ened his throwing arm, impaired his batting eye or deterred him from the one thing that is Willie May's version of the pursuit of happiness—the winning of ball games.

Scoreboard

¶ In Manhattan, Heavyweight Contender Tommy ("Hurricane") Jackson swirled into the center of the ring and ran head on into a squall of right hooks thrown by Cuban Heavyweight Champion Nino Valdes. Knocked down twice in the second round and floored a third time by some catch-as-catch-can wrestling, Hurricane lost by a TKO.

¶ In Cincinnati, the visiting Philadelphia Phils fired Manager Steve O'Neill and called up Terry Moore (42). A gentleman ballplayer who remembered his manners through 11 seasons as a centerfielder with the terrible-tempered Cardinals of the old Gas House Gang, Moore inherits a fifth-place club, drifting a sad 1½ games back. ¶ At Silverstone, England, Argentina's Froilan Gonzales pushed his Italian Ferrari into an early lead, raced for 270 miles around a twisting, rain-soaked course to the British Grand Prix with an average speed of 89.69 m.p.h. In second place in another Ferrari was England's Mike Hawthorne, who clocked 80.10 m.p.h. In fourth place in a Mercedes-Benz came Argentine Star Juan Manuel Fangio, leading driver of the year, Gonzales' sometime mentor and now his archival.

¶ In Cleveland, in the 21st annual All-Star baseball game, American League sluggers overpowered the National League's best, 11-9. Paced by Indian Al Rosen's two homers (which drove in five runs) the American League finally won for Manager Casey Stengel (on the fifth try), helped set a pack of All-Star records in the process. Among them: a total of 31 hits, 20 runs, 13 pitchers used, gate receipts of \$259,204.01.

Surprise

The ways of art experts are usually cautious and often strange. A case in point is the history of a small oil *Pietà* at the Palazzo Bianco in Genoa. In 1893 the painting bore a label boldly attributing it to Rubens. Later, when critics questioned the label, the museum withdrew the painting from view. In 1910 it went on exhibit again, cautiously identified as a "school of Rubens" work. In 1920 the authorities relabeled the painting "Unknown. From school of Rubens?" By 1928 they had lost all confidence, reattributing the canvas to an "unknown Genoese of the 18th

century." Back it went to the storeroom. Recently, the experts took counsel all over again and decided to have it cleaned. Revealed in the cleaning process: the date 1620 and the apparently authentic signature of Anthony Van Dyck, who went to Genoa from his native Antwerp at just about that time.

Heroes Every Day

Jack Smith is a handsomely bearded young (26) Yorkshire artist who firmly believes that life is grim and men are heroic just to live it. For his second one-man show, on exhibition last week at London's Beaux Arts Gallery, Artist Smith

produced 15 examples of what he calls life's "acts of heroism." His big, life-size painting of a baby taking its first step beams with self-conscious bravery; his old lady in a wicker chair, a sort of off-key Whistler's mother, is the essence of enduring patience. Even his cadaverous Skid Row figures, asleep amid prowling mongrels and a litter of old newspapers on a sidewalk, exhibit a kind of desperate valor. Says Smith: "They may be resigned, even despairing, but they're still trying to live."

Such preoccupation with the unsung tragedies and triumphs of the everyday and ordinary, painted in drab browns and greys, is typical of a growing school of young British realists. Says Smith: "There's got to be a revolution in paint-

NEW DOORS FOR
SAINT PETER'S

ONE of Christendom's greatest monuments—St. Peter's in Rome—is never quite completed. Among the best present-day artists working to finish it is a self-taught, 45-year-old sculptor from Milan named Giacomo Manzù. Four years ago, Manzù won a competition to do bronze bas-reliefs for the "Door-way of Death" (opened only for funerals) at one side of the Basilica. Now his scale study is at last complete (*see cut*), and he hopes that by devoting all his working time to the project he will have the doors themselves done in two more years.

The eight lower panels show the deaths of heroes of the Old and New Testaments. In the upper panels, death gives way to holy triumphs. Italian saints are ranged below the Ascension of Christ, and such heroic martyrs as Joan of Arc witness the Assumption of the Virgin into Heaven.

The over-all conception of the doors is conservative enough to be appropriate for their setting, but avoids the slavish traditionalism that stifles most contemporary ecclesiastical art. Manzù's ambition is to create something worthy not only of St. Peter's but also "of the time in which we live." The incisive yet graceful style of the bas-reliefs is distinctly his own. Perhaps no other living sculptor could have put so much sense of space and air into such deliberately low relief. His art, as one Italian critic put it, "is like a veil of poetry breathed over a bronze background."

Sculptor Manzù, who began his career as a stucco worker, is as direct as his work is subtle. "I am religious, yes," Manzù says with feeling, "but I'm not a religious artist—I expect to carve all kinds of things. You can't limit art to religion any more than you can limit religion itself, or life . . . In sculpture my greatest inspiration is the ancient Greeks." Drawing a deep breath, he adds: "I wish I could be as big as they!"



Brian Seed

PAINTER SMITH & WORK
A bottle is not a cucumber.

ing. You can't paint like Picasso any longer, and you can't paint like the old masters. You've got to go back to living, and the things around you." In his own painting he sets himself a straightforward goal: "A bottle is a bottle. And it's quite different from a cucumber. I want to get this across."

The son of a North Country clerk, Smith has been painting ever since he was a boy in primary school. After his two-year hitch of national service with the Royal Air Force signalmen, he moved to London to study on a government grant, later won a scholarship to the Royal College of Art. During a jobless period in 1952 before he began to teach at the Bath Academy of Art, he held his first one-man show in London. His subject matter, working-class domesticity, was as commonplace as his own name. The critics noted it with mild approval.

In his second show the critics were more enthusiastic. Wrote *New Statesman* Critic John Berger: "I now think it possible that Smith is a genius . . . The faith I have in Jack Smith's work is due to its certainty, which is the result of a passion reminiscent of Van Gogh's during his *Potato Eaters* period."

In his Kensington studio last week, amid a clutter of cigarette stubs and old paint tubes, Smith was busily working on three or four paintings at once. He is not at all disheartened by the wide spread between his critical and financial successes. His first show sold only four of his paintings for a total of \$336, but that was enough to pay for his room in Kensington, his food, an occasional night at the local pub, cigarettes and hardboard (cheaper than canvases) for six months. His second show has sold only three pictures, for \$115, to private collectors. Says Smith defiantly: "I don't care whether I sell my pictures or not. I know I've got to paint them, and paint them that way."



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Discovery at Cheltenham

Cheltenham, a cream-colored Georgian town at the foot of England's Cotswolds Hills, used to attract people mainly for its mineral waters and its fine public schools. But the war brought aircraft accessory industries to the town, and with the population change, town councilors began to look around for a new attraction. The idea of a music festival came up, and almost before anyone could sound a dissonant note, the deal was on. In 1945 the first ten-day festival was launched. Two years later Conductor Sir John Barbirolli adopted the event as his own. As he has done each year since, Sir John last week bustled into Cheltenham and with Napoleonic gusto took over the festival.

Showing Presto. Barbirolli made his own choice of composers, spent weeks rehearsing their music, autocratically vetoed suggestions put forward by the Cheltenham council, flew into tantrums, grumbled about terms and generally made himself indispensable. To justify himself, he pointed to the record. "Look at the young men I've introduced here," he said. "Peter Racine Fricker, John Gardner, Alan Rawsthorne. They're all names now. And I introduced them at the Cheltenham Festival. It is the most important music festival in the country . . . Why, do you know what they asked me to play at Edinburgh this year? *Scheherazade, Scheherazade!* Imagine! I refused. I said to them, 'I'm not coming to Edinburgh to play that kind of palm-court stuff.' But that's what Edinburgh is like now. Cheltenham is different."

The first few days of the festival were pretty much alike, consisting mostly of tried and true Cheltenham favorites and a couple of new works. But on the sixth day, Sir John produced the nugget of the festival, Stanley Bate's *Third Symphony*. From the first soft notes on the bassoons, it was clear that the work was a discovery. Unusual tone colors glittered against each other throughout the first two movements, and the finale sizzled to a fine climax with a shooting, presto subject and a rolling, Beethovenian coda that finished with a bang.

Top Speed. The retired colonels and genteel ladies who made up most of the audience were not swept off their seats, but the press raved. ". . . Full of music that gets up and goes somewhere . . . melodious, impassioned and expertly orchestrated," wrote Cecil Smith in the *Daily Express*. And the *Times* was even more enthusiastic: "Tonight's concert may well prove a landmark in the history of . . . our English music . . . a new force among contemporary composers . . ."

Plymouth-born Composer Bate, 40, waited long for last week's success. He wrote his symphony 14 years ago. A top-speed composer, he has written concertos for violin, viola, harpsichord and four for piano, seven ballets, two quartets and lots of other chamber music. A student of

Vaughan Williams, he has studied and worked in Paris, New York (on a Guggenheim fellowship) and Australia. Bate, currently working on a opera, has heard little of his orchestral music performed. After hearing the Cheltenham performance he feels encouraged. "I liked hearing that one so much," he says, "I think I'll write another symphony now."

New Pop Records

U.S. radio listeners are oppressively aware of a jazzy singing commercial sung by a voice that sounds like a temporary compromise between the voices of Judy Garland and Bonnie (*Oh, Johnny, Oh, Johnny, Oh!*) Baker. "I love to cook and cook and cook," she bubbles, and proceeds to cite the virtues of Hunt's tomato sauce,



PEGGY KING
She loves to cook.

One day last spring Columbia Records' sharp-eared Mitch Miller heard the voice on his car radio. The light dawned. "There's a voice," he said to himself, "that sounds like a sexy 16-year-old."

The voice's owner turned out to be Pennsylvania-born Peggy King, 24, a pint-size gamine who had been working in the music business for six fairly obscure years. Talent Scout Miller had him turned her down after hearing several of her records. Intrigued, Miller telephoned Peggy King at her Hollywood home. "This," he began, "is Mitch Miller." "And this," the unbelieving singer answered, "is Snow White. And all the dwarfs are here, too." Identities were finally established, and Peggy King signed with Miller. Last week Columbia issued as her first effort *The Hottentot*, a tongue twister silly and bouncy enough to become a hit. Sample:

*If a Hottentot taught a tot to talk
ere the tot could totter,*

*Should the Hottentot tot be taught
to say "ought" or "nought,"
Or what ought to be taught her?*

Other new pop records:

Amalia Rodrigues Sings (Angel LP). Amalia, Portugal's most popular songstress (TIME, Sept. 29, 1952), sings eight husky, seductive songs: four *fados*, four flamencos in a manner that suggests that the listener may be playing with fire.

Barney Kessel (Contemporary LP). A top jazz guitarist comes out of West Coast TV and film studios to make his first featured album. Most of these selections are clean, agile and on the cool side, typical of the spate of jazz disks coming from the Coast.

Bernard Peiffer et Son Trio (Norgran LP). French Pianoman Peiffer (rhymes with Mayfair) plays as playfully as Eroll Garner or George Shearing, occasionally as gaily as Tatum. Unoriginal, but pleasant listening.

Brad Gowans and His New York Nine (Victor LP). Dixieland of 1946, a mellow but not a vintage year. Gowans is probably the leading exponent of hot valve trombone; his playing is matched by Billy Butterfield's fine trumpet. Notable as the last recording by the late great drummer Dave Tough.

Bravo pour le Clown (Edith Piaf; Angel LP). Eight over-orchestrated songs of the sadder aspects of life and love, one of them (the title song) a rowdier than usual *pagliaccio*-type item that fits Piaf as closely as a putty nose. Perhaps more timely in France, where La Piaf is now touring with a circus.

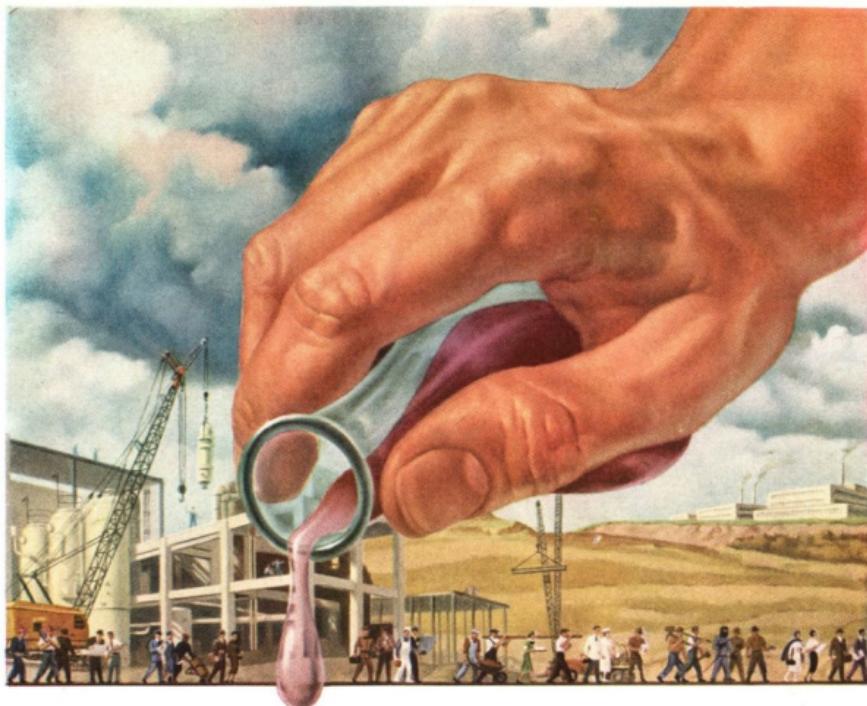
Inside Sauter-Finegan (Victor LP). The strange land of heightened sensation that is the Sauter-Finegan band, where low is growlier, sharp is edgier, and no sounds are untinted. Sample titles: *10,000 B.C., Finegan's Wake*.

Hot Mallets (Lionel Hampton and guest stars; Victor LP). Twelve tunes, some loud and some sentimental. They are riffed to the accompaniment of deep, throbbing rhythm by a galaxy of greats, many paroled from the Ellington band.

Jazz Goes to College (Dave Brubeck Quartet; Columbia LP). Collective improvisation (gathered on a recent campus tour), sometimes rowdy, sometimes reflective, by the greatest jazz combo on records. Brubeck's piano leads the new trend toward serious modern music while preserving true jazz feeling: Paul Desmond's alto sax sings with plaintive joy; Joe Dodge's unfettered drumming and Bob Bates' bass give the whole thing a driving beat. Last week this one was to the squares' surprise, outselling Liberace.

Mambo the Most (Woody Herman; Mars). A brawling, uninhibited example of the U.S.'s hottest new dance rhythm, by a band more accustomed to modern jazz (TIME, May 31). On the reverse: *Mambo the (Ut)Most*.

The Man That Got Away (Fran Warren; M-G-M). A torchy ballad by Harold Arlen and Ira Gershwin (from the film *A Star Is Born*). A bit too long-winded to be a fast hit.



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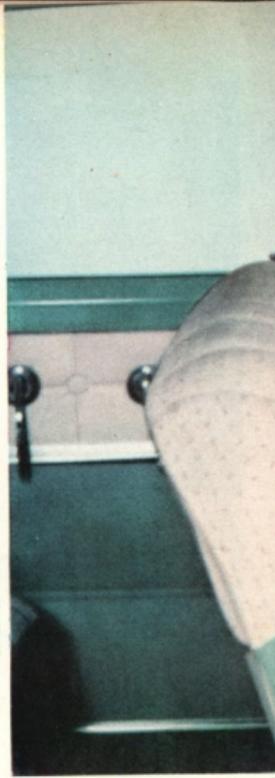
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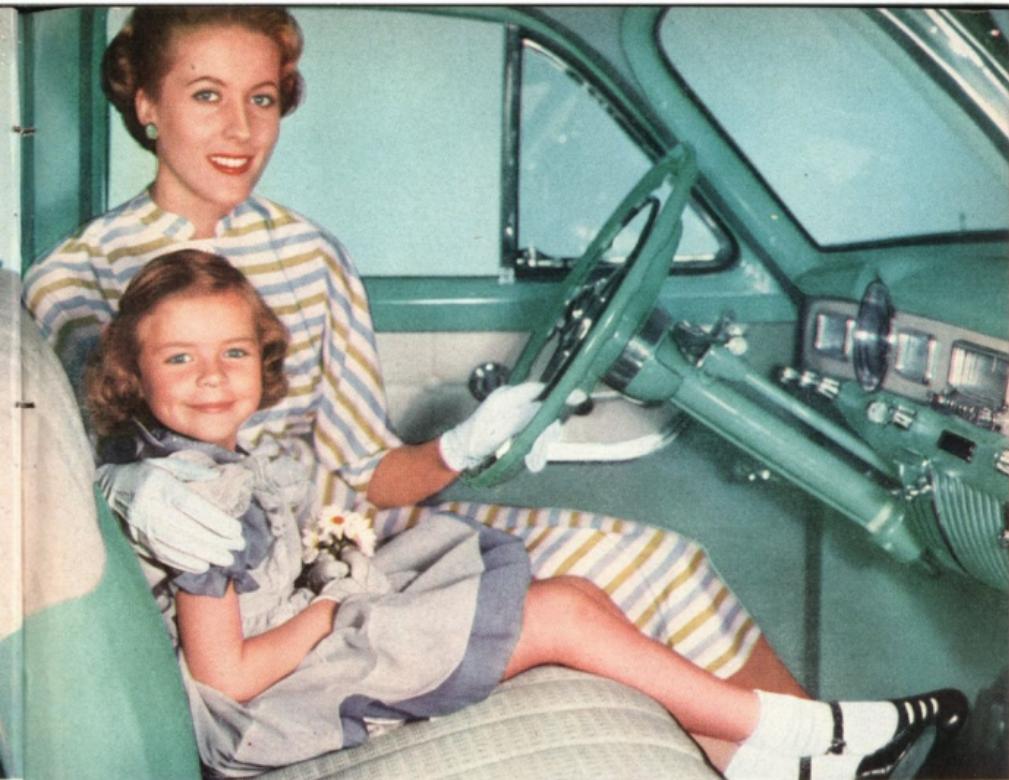


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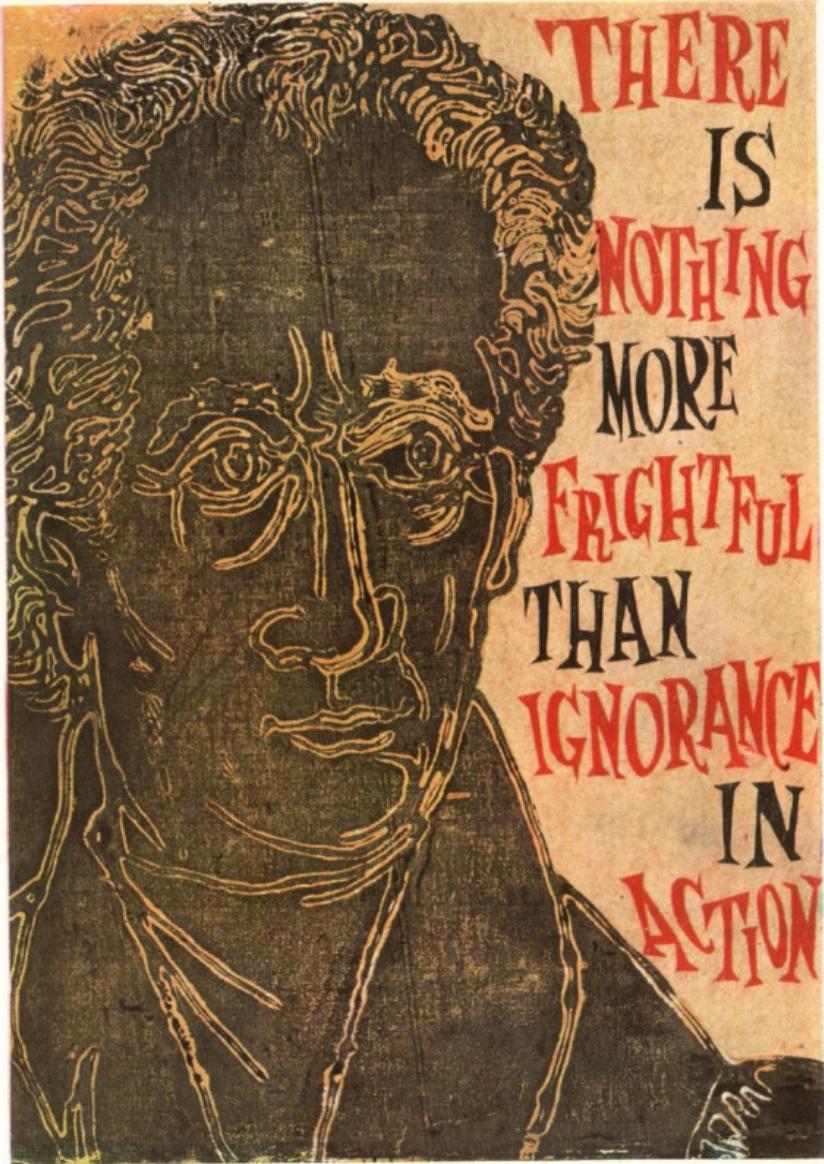
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EDUCATION

Major Targets

"These came to the college recently, addressed to the 'Captain of the Foothall Team,'" said the president of Assuit College, Egypt, holding up copies of a magazine called *Students of the World*. "We have no football team, so I opened them. They are sheer and unadulterated Communist propaganda . . . published in Prague . . . I have no doubt similar literature has been sent to football captains and other student leaders in educational institutions in Egypt and perhaps in other parts of Africa."

As Walter Crosby Eells, sometime adviser on higher education to SCAP in Tokyo, heard the story, he was neither shocked nor surprised. He was near the end of a

men and women in their 20s." Meanwhile, the teachers seem to be doing their bit: the Japan Teachers Union sponsored the violently anti-American movie *Hiroshima*, and the union of the Yamaguchi Prefecture recently published a student-and-teacher almanac with a "thought for each day" on "American imperialism."

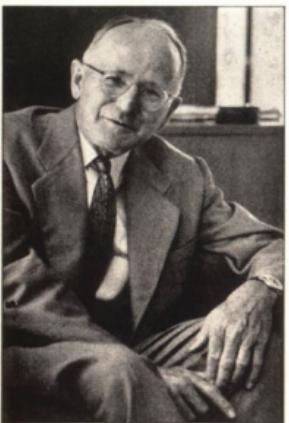
In Hong Kong at least a dozen private schools have been displaying the Communist flag on holidays, and one night school has been shut down as a Communist propaganda center. In Thailand students at the University of Moral and Political Sciences in Bangkok still publish a thinly disguised party-line paper, and one observer told Eells that "probably the majority of Chinese schools in Thailand are pro-Communist . . ."

Lenin for a Rupee. The policy of the Burmese government is so neutralist that "there are even two rival All-Burma Student Unions," with identical names, one Communist, one anti-Communist." There has been no serious effort to ferret out Communist teachers from the nation's 211 Chinese schools, or any effective attempt to counterbalance the active (100 members) Marxist Chinese Students Association at the University of Rangoon. In Indonesia the problem is much the same. There are some 100 Chinese schools in the country, and many of these show their sympathies by displaying huge portraits of Stalin and Mao Tse-tung. Since university facilities are limited, Indonesia provides a special opportunity for Communism: in 1952, for instance, 200 Chinese students, unable to get into an Indonesian university, accepted invitations to the campuses of Red China.

At India's University of Calcutta, says Eells, "the best estimate it was possible to obtain . . . was that about 8% of the students were card-carrying members of the Communist Party, about 40% were fellow travelers, and at least 70% were anti-American." Communist students spend much of their time distributing pamphlets and papers through nearby villages, are able to pick up Soviet literature at any bookstall for comparatively little—14¢ for a *Life of Lenin*, one rupee (21¢) for his complete works. In Delhi, he adds, "we learned of the policy of the Soviet Embassy to invite all students of the university during their senior year to a series of informal entertainments."

In Iran Director Abdollah Faryar of the U.N. Information Center in Teheran told Eells: "The Communist effort lately has been concentrated on teachers and students . . . It is true that the Tudeh party has been outlawed, but we have now instead the 'Young Democrats,' the 'Supporters of Peace,' and so forth . . . I judge that 40% of the teachers are Communist sympathizers . . ."

The Lonely Ones. An education officer in Kenya described how the Communists are willing to reach halfway around the world to win their African converts. "Some of our Kenyan young men have been sent



Bob Lockett photo

AUTHOR EELLS
How to influence people.

two-year swing through the school and college campuses of 39 nations of Asia, Africa and the Near East, was already convinced by scores of similar stories that the campuses of the world have become major targets of Communist policy. Last week he published his ominous findings in a special report—*Communism in Education in Asia, Africa and the Far Pacific* (American Council on Education; \$3).

Thought for Each Day. In Japan, says Eells, Communism remains a powerful influence among teachers and students even though the government has taken stern anti-Communist measures. In the spring of 1950, at least 130 student Communist cells were registered with the office of the Japanese Attorney General. The total membership reported was 4,526, including more than 100 professors. More recently, the chief of Japan's security investigation reported to the Diet that there are 100,000 party members in the country, and that of these, seven out of ten are "young



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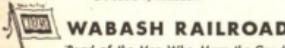
Seven years ago, Baltimore's Mathieson Chemical Corporation was a regional alkali producer, but not today. Today, with plants and offices in 26 states, Mathieson is an acknowledged world leader in making products that range from basic chemicals for industry to Squibb pharmaceuticals for the home.

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to England for advanced study. But they have been lonely in London . . . Communist agents . . . are on the lookout for just such young men. They are very friendly. They invite them to tea and to evenings of discussion. The lonely students respond quickly . . . and before long they are well on their way to becoming full-fledged Communist agents."

To counteract all this, says Eells, the U.S. should double its own efforts in the field of education. But in doing so, it could well take a cue from the Soviet. In not one of the countries that he visited, says Eells, did he hear of "any reports of cuts in the staff or services in any of the Soviet information services and libraries."

"You Made Me One of You"

From the type of crowd assembled in the auditorium of the Farragut Elementary School, it was obvious how Culver City, Calif. (pop. 31,000) felt about the evening's guest of honor. In the front of the hall sat the mayor, flanked by members of the city government, and behind them were many of the leading citizens in town. All in all, in a city whose best-known industry is moviemaking (M-G-M), it was a turnout worthy of a national celebrity—and not just an 18-year-old student of Culver City High.

To the assembled citizens, however, Gundolf Goethel has been no ordinary student. The son of an industrial chemist of Oberhausen, Germany, he is one of 265 boys and girls brought over last fall to the U.S. by the American Field Service (originally founded to sponsor wartime ambulance work). Last week, as the town got together to bid him goodbye, it was also paying tribute to an effective, privately run good-will program which is an important part of the U.S. answer to Communist attempts to capture the world's student generation (*see above*).

Crazy Sports Shirt. Picked from 16,000 applicants from West Germany, Gundolf arrived in August, was made to feel at home right from the start. His hosts were Mr. and Mrs. John Morley, who had volunteered to adopt an exchange student for a year because "there was little enough we could do to help out in this world." Since then, Gundolf has been a member of the family. "Can you imagine—" says he, "I have one of their rooms and all their food and they give me presents. These denims I'm wearing, and this, how you say, crazy sports shirt. I never got the idea of being homesick."

At school, the story was the same. "The students knew I was from a different country, and at first they didn't know what to do with me. Then they began coming up and trying to help." They asked him to join the Tillicums ("That's the Y.M.C.A. club"). Then they invited him into the camera and the science clubs. At the end of his first semester, they decided to run him for office. "Since they encouraged me, I ran for president of the Boys' League, and surprisingly, I was elected. I felt that the students made me one fellow among many students, and not just one foreigner alone. Soon I was work-

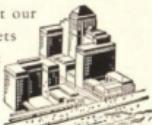
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Chuck Clumb—Graphic House
STUDENT GOETHEL
How to win friends.

ing with them and playing with them, and there was no difference at all."

Extra-Curriculums. As the year wore on, Gundolf's career moved with it. He won his letter in track, was elected to the senior honor society and the student council, earned straight A's in his subjects. He also learned about U.S. schools: "The students, most of them go to school to learn something. But there are so many that go just because they have to. In Germany, you don't have to go to high school. It's a privilege. Here there might be too much emphasis on activities and extracurriculums."

Last week, at the big "Gundolf Send-Off," Culver City presented its visitor with a proclamation of friendship to take back to Oberhausen. Then, dressed in his best double-breasted suit, Gundolf said a few words of his own: "Everybody opened his door and I was welcomed into every house. You made me one of you."

Report Card

¶ For the fourth consecutive year, Yale University announced that its alumni fund had topped the million mark and chalked up a new record: \$1,083,123, "the greatest amount of unrestricted funds ever contributed to a college or university through its alumni fund in any one year."

¶ By a unanimous vote of its board of curators, the University of Missouri formally removed all barriers against the admission of Negroes. In view of the U.S. Supreme Court's decision, said Board President Powell B. McHaney, "the laws of the state that up to this time had prevented Negroes from attending are no longer effective."

¶ The United States Steel Foundation reported that it was blowing a windfall towards the nation's private liberal arts colleges and medical schools: \$700,000 in unrestricted funds to be distributed to more than 100 campuses this year.



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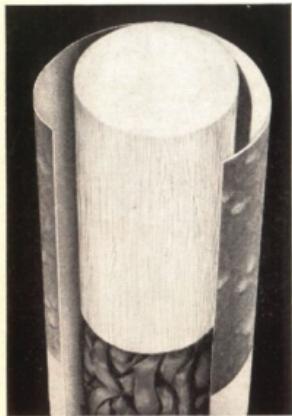
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MEDICINE

Go East, Young Man

East Germany's Communist leaders are extending themselves to ease a desperate shortage of doctors. Trained physicians are made citizens of special privilege, showered with medals and promotions to keep them from fleeing west. Medical schools are being expanded, and a speedup has been instituted to rush thousands of students ("quick-quacks," Westerners call them) through training in only twelve months. Still far short of needs, the Communists are also beckoning seductively to doctors in West Germany.

There was considerable evidence last week that the seduction is getting results, and that West German practitioners are moving across to East Germany at the rate of several hundred a year to work under renewable one-year contracts. The bait: salaries that are fat by current West German standards (up to 5,000 East marks), promises of religious freedom, quick promotions, no restrictions on movement in and out of East Germany. Especially good doctors are not forced into political activities, need not even join the party. The best doctors are promised an extra bourgeois dividend upon their arrival: a free house and servants.

Growing Trickles. To many young West German doctors, the bait looks good. In contrast to the East, the Federal Republic of Germany has an increasing surplus of doctors. Of the republic's 69,109 registered physicians, 4,608 have no medical practice at all; they are unemployed, or making their living in other ways. Pay for interns is low: 240 West marks (\$60) a month. Even those with practices or hospital appointments have only limited opportunities. West Germany's currency reform wiped out the savings of many oldsters who were ready to retire, forced them to keep working instead of stepping aside for younger men.

Principal cause of the West German surplus is the wartime Nazi practice of exempting all medical students from the military draft and imposing no restrictions on entrance into medical school. As a result, thousands of draft-dodging Germans whipped through medical school. Refugees from the East have added to the problem, and the output from West German schools is still high because the admission requirements are still low. Desperate for employment, about 20,000 West German doctors have emigrated to Africa and the Near East since 1945. Compared to this exodus, the transfers to East Germany represent only a trickle. But unless the surplus is reduced, the trickle is likely to grow.

What Else? Aware of the perils behind Communist promises, the powerful Association of West German Doctors is campaigning to persuade the Adenauer government to expand its national health program and create 7,000 more jobs for doctors. One Bonn physician sourly observed: "Maybe if the Communists steal enough good men, it will make the pepper

sacks [stingy ones] in the government spend a few pfennigs [to employ more doctors] . . ." On the other hand, West German doctors do not overlook the plight of their ill-doctored countrymen and do not actually discourage transfers to Communist Germany. Said the association's secretary general, Dr. Joseph Stockhausen: "When doctors . . . ask us about the contracts the Communists are offering, we try to explain the terrible needs of the Eastern zone—as well as the risks. What else can we do?"

Pain & Patient Killer

Anesthesia has advanced far beyond the ether mask and morphine stage of 20 years ago. Today, during critical operations, e.g., inside the heart, as many as eight different painkillers may be administered to ease the patient's lot and the



James F. Coyne

ANESTHESIOLOGIST BEECHER
Among the casualties, human vegetables.

surgeon's task. Even in minor surgery, drugs are used lavishly to prevent discomfort. But even the best of the new techniques carry their own hazards. Last week two top Boston anesthesia experts, Henry K. Beecher and Donald Todd, laid down evidence that modern anesthesia is killing not only pain but is still killing a shockingly high percentage of patients.

Their findings, reported in the monthly *Annals of Surgery*:

¶ Of 599,548 surgical patients studied in ten university hospitals over a five-year period (1948-52), 384 died of anesthesia, a ratio of one death to 1,560 patients. Nearly one-fourth of all surgical deaths attributed to causes other than patients' own ailments were from anesthesia.

¶ The anesthesia mortality rate was highest among men than among women. Reason: men, the wage earners, tended to put off hospitalization until disease



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was advanced, were generally more susceptible to anesthesia's toxic effects because of heart and circulatory ailments.

¶ Most dangerous of the drugs is curare, a muscle relaxant better known as the poison with which South American Indians tip their arrows. It accounts for one-third of the deaths caused by anesthesia: one death per 370 patients. When used in combination with ether, curare becomes more hazardous, causing one death per 250 patients. Administered during major surgery, the curare death rate soared to one death out of 192 patients.

Should curare and other risky medications (e.g., thiopental, cyclopropane) be banned from the hospitals? Beecher and Todd think not. But they urge that the drugs "available at present be considered on trial . . . employed only when there are clear advantages to be gained." The doctors regard anesthesia as a public-health problem. Applied to the entire U.S., the mortality rate uncovered by Beecher and Todd indicates that some 5,100 Americans die each year from anesthesia.

Dentists, as well as surgeons, have good cause to be wary of the use of anesthesia. Eighteen to 20 patients die in the U.S. each year from anesthesia in dentists' offices. Most common cause of death is brain damage from hypoxia (shortage of oxygen) caused by improper mixture of anesthetic gas, which should never contain less than 20% oxygen. The patient may survive a dose of gas that contains less than this minimum, but if it is prolonged or repeated, he may undergo personality changes or survive only as a moronic "vegetable." One dentist's proposed antidote: no dental anesthesia outside hospitals.

Capsules

¶ Alarmed at the growing fad of self-imposed low-salt dieting, the Illinois State Medical Society warned that the diets are futile as weight reducers and are a serious danger to health, especially in summer weather, when body salt is already depleted through excessive perspiration. "The only persons who might [benefit] from such a diet," said the society, "are those seriously ill of heart or kidney diseases [and who are] under the constant care of a physician."

¶ Alfalfa-seed tea, long a favorite home "remedy" for arthritis and diabetes, not only lacks curative powers, but may give the user severe skin eruptions. So reported Dr. William H. Kaufman, after a study of six skin cases in Roanoke, Va. He added that such skin ailments may be hard to diagnose, since most alfalfa-tea enthusiasts are ashamed to admit that they drink the brew.

¶ The term "athlete's heart" should be abolished, said the A.M.A. *Journal*, because it suggests conditions that probably do not exist: "Exercise, even when strenuous, will not damage normal hearts." Nevertheless, too-strenuous exercise may injure a heart already weakened from other causes; young athletes should have close medical supervision.

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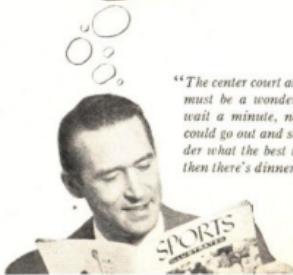
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Miller Brewing Co.
Miron Mills Inc.
John Hudson Moore
 (*Sportsman Toiletries*)
North Carolina State
Noxema Chem. Co. (*Sharing Cream*)
Olin Industries (*Winchester Guns*)
Paillard Products (*Bolex Cameras*)
The Palm Beach Company
Pan American World Airlines
Parker Sweeper Co.
Penn Grade Oil Assoc.
Pleasant Valley Wine Co.
A. H. Pond (*Keepsake Diamond Rings*)
Redmanized Jersey by Allen
Remington Rand Co.
Ripon Knitting Works
Rolls Razor Inc.
Ronson Inc.
Royal Doulton
McKesson & Robbins (*Tawn*)
Schenley Industries (*Coronet Brandy* •
 Cresta Blanca Wine • *Dant Distillery*)
O. M. Scott & Sons
Seagram Distillers Corporation
Shulton Inc.
Shwayder Bros. (*Samsonite Luggage*)
Sinclair Refining Co.
Skyway Luggage Co.
Sleek Slacks by Esquire Sportswear Co.
H. A. & E. Smith Ltd.
 (*Bermuda Retail Store*)
J. P. Smith Shoe Co. (*British Walkers*)
Society for Visual Education
Southern Pacific Railroad
A. G. Spalding & Bros.
Springfield Leather Products Co.
Standard Brands Fleischmann Dist.
 (*Black & White Scotch*)
Studebaker Corp.
John B. Stetson Co.
Stone-Tarlow
Stratton & Terstegge Co.
Stromberg-Carlson
Susquehanna Waist Co.
 (*Ship 'N Shore Blouses*)
Towne & King
Trojan Boat Co.
"21" Brands Inc. (*Ballantine's Scotch*)
Union Oil Co.
Union Pacific Railroad
United Air Lines
United States Rubber Co.
Van Munching Co.
 (*Heineken's Holland Beer*)
Vassar Co.
Hiram Walker (*Walker's DeLuxe*)
Robert F. Warner ("Distinguished Hotels")
W. R. Weaver Co.
Webster-Chicago Corp.
Western Pacific Railroad
Weston Electrical Instrument Corp.
Kaiser-Willys Sales Division
 of Willys Motors
Wilson Sporting Goods
Wisconsin & Michigan Steamship Line
B. H. Wragge
Wright Arch Preserver Shoes
W. F. Young Inc. (*Absorbine Jr.*)

BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

"The Recession Is Over"

Said Presidential Economic Adviser Gabriel Hauge last week: "We have reached a position where the retreat from the July, 1953 levels has been stopped . . . where the economy is catching its breath for a new advance." As good omens for the future he listed the longer work week, the strength of retail buying, the stability of total output. Said Hauge: "The recession—call it whatever you want—is over."

But readjustments were still being made in many an industry. In the petroleum industry, sales have not come up to summer estimates. As a result of over-production, wholesale gasoline prices skidded on the Gulf Coast and Eastern seaboard, and retail-gas wars were flaring up east of the Rockies. The Texas Railroad Commission (which controls the state's oil production) announced that it had cut August allowables to 2,721,104 barrels a day because of a drop in demand.

The stock market also took a breather. The Dow-Jones industrial index closed the week at 339.06, off 1½ points from the previous week—the first time in a month that it was down for the week. But aircraft stocks were helped along by the Air Force decision to sign contracts for \$1 billion worth of new planes in the next four months; many climbed to their bull-market peaks.

Retail sales across the nation showed an increase, and the U.S. consumer still has plenty of money to spend. Personal income, the Commerce Department reported, was up to an annual rate of \$285.2 billion during the month of May, \$800 million above the month before.



BUILDER GROSS
\$6,000,000.
United Press

HOUSING

Profits v. Shortage

In the Senate investigation into profits on Government-sponsored postwar housing, William J. Levitt, biggest U.S. house-builder, took the stand last week. How, asked the committeemen, had he done on the thousands of houses he had built with Government-guaranteed mortgages?

Builder Levitt answered readily that he had done very well. On the first 4,028 houses that he built for rent in Levittown, L.I., he made a gross profit of about \$5,000,000, which remained in the Bethpage Realty Corp., builder of the houses. Later he sold the Bethpage Realty Corp. to Philadelphia's Junto, a charitable organization, for \$5,000,000 and thereby paid only a capital gain of 25% on his profits instead of the much higher personal income tax (TIME, March 13, 1950).

Republican Senator Homer Capehart



International

BUILDER GROSS
\$6,000,000.

the houses were built. Levitt said that he had made \$1,200 gross profit on a house that was mortgaged for \$7,500, that later sold for \$7,200 and is now selling for \$8,600. Levitt, who is probably the most efficient builder in the U.S., said that profits on houses that he built later without the help of Section 603 (but with Government-guaranteed mortgages) were "substantially more" than \$1,200.

Big Windfall. Levitt was followed to the stand by Builder Alfred Gross, who made no bones about the fact that he had reaped a windfall profit of \$6,000,000, the largest uncovered by the Senate committee so far, on the \$25-million Glen Oaks Village apartment houses in Queens, New York City. He explained how he—and other builders—had made such profits.

Glen Oaks, said he, had bought land for the apartments for less than \$1,000,000 but got FHA-insured mortgages on it totaling \$2,400,000. The large valuation was customary practice because FHA estimated the value of the land, not on the purchase price, but on what the improved land would be worth after the apartment was built on it. Gross was also permitted to put in an architect's fee of 5% and a builder's fee of 5%, the customary amounts. Since he was able to get an architect for only 1% and was his own builder (thus got the builder's fee), he already had a big chunk of his profit. When he applied for his FHA-insured mortgage, Gross got a surprise: he was told that his estimate on building costs was too low and, at FHA's suggestion, raised them, thus increasing the size of his mortgage. The reason for this, he explained, was that FHA wanted to be sure that there would be ample money to finish the project, in the event he defaulted on



BUILDER LEVITT
\$5,000,000.
United Press

promptly called the transaction another example of a "windfall" profit, i.e., one gained by inflating the value of the mortgage on the houses beyond their actual cost of construction and pocketing the difference. Builder Levitt insisted that his profit was no such thing. He defined a windfall profit as one made by a builder when he pocketed the difference between the mortgage and the building cost and still retained title to the property, thus giving him the right to additional profits from sales or rentals. In his case, said Levitt, the \$5,000,000 was simply his building profit and was made only after he had sold out. Furthermore, said Levitt, windfall profits were made under Section 603 of the housing act, which guaranteed one big mortgage loan on the estimated "cost" of the project.

Levitt built under Section 603, which based the size of the mortgage on what the actual appraised "value" would be after

TIME CLOCK

the contract. When he was all through, Gross found that his building costs were \$4,600,000 less than estimated. This, plus the increased value of the land and the sums saved on builder's and architect's fees, gave him his profit.

Cake Eaters. Was there anything wrong with this? Builder Gross did not think so. Neither did another builder, Bertram Bonner of Richmond, who had made \$1,000,000 in windfall profits. He pointed out that FHA regulations had been drawn to give builders a liberal incentive, and Congressmen had been well aware at the time that costs might be less than the mortgages. Said Bonner: "I find it a source of disappointment that our acts are criticized instead of praised."

Builder Bonner had a point. In the postwar years the U.S. was so desperately short of housing that Congress was willing to face the possibilities of large profits so long as the houses and apartments were built. And they were built—as many as 1,396,000 housing units a year. While some tenants paid somewhat higher rents because of the inflated value of the mortgages, there is no doubt that they would have had no place to live—or paid much more in rent—if the shortage had not been alleviated. And the FHA made money on its mortgage guarantees. In short, it looked as if Congress, now that it had its cake, wanted to eat the builders who had made it.

RAILROADS

Wheel of a Deal

When Texans Clint Murchison and Sid Richardson bought 800,000 shares of New York Central Railroad stock last March, it did not look as if they would hang on to it very long. The deal gave them the right to sell half of it back to Robert R. Young's Alleghany Corp. and to Young's crony and financial angel, Allan Kirby, at the same price they had paid: \$25 a share. Last week they did sell a big chunk of the stock. Richardson sold 200,000 shares to Kirby, thus repaying the \$5,000,000 that Kirby had lent him to buy the stock. Another 300,000 shares, in effect, went to Alleghany Corp. for \$7,500,000, the money going to repay a bank loan the Texans had made for the stock purchase. Since the stock was selling for about \$23 last week, Kirby and Alleghany lost around \$1,000,000 on the deal. But it was only a paper loss, since they merely lent the stock to Murchison and Richardson to vote for Young in the Central proxy fight.

Then Alleghany turned around and made a new deal with the Texans to put its stock under joint ownership, along with their remaining 300,000 shares (for which Alleghany had lent them the money). Under the contract, Murchison and Richardson will get dividends and the profits from any sale of their 300,000 shares, though the voting rights will be exercised by Alleghany Corp. And the Texans will

BEEF PRICES may slip if drought continues on the Western plains. American National Cattlemen's Association says that dry pastures and short hay crops are forcing ranchers to rush herds to market, predicts that 7,000,000 cattle will be slaughtered this year (*v.* 5,600,000 in 1953).

BOAC is buying eight used Boeing Stratocruisers and seven used Lockheed Constellations to replace its grounded fleet of De Havilland Comets. Newest clue to the cause of the Comet's trouble: pressure tests on a Comet fuselage reportedly caused it to split along one side, indicating that it will have to be strengthened to stand flights at 40,000 ft.

COLOR-TV picture is brightening. R.C.A. will soon bring out a 21-in. color tube with a picture area 22% larger than C.B.S.' 19-in. tube (*TIME*, July 19), at the same price (\$175).

NATURAL-GAS prices at the well-head were frozen by the Federal Power Commission. In line with a Supreme Court ruling (*TIME*, June 14), FPC set up price controls over independent producers distributing gas interstate, must okay any future gas price increase.

BOEING'S 707 JET TRANSPORT came through its maiden test flight with flying colors. The 707, which can be used either as a transport or a tanker to refuel jet bombers, used only 2,100 ft. of runway to take off from Renton Airport near Seattle, cruised smoothly for 1 hr. 24 min.

TITANIUM will be stockpiled by the Government. To guarantee supplies for jet aircraft, airborne weapons and lightweight-infantry equipment, the U.S. Government is spending \$128 million to help finance new plants, will stockpile any metal not bought by private industry.

IRANIAN OIL industry will probably be back in operation by Oct. 1, run by a combine of eight Western oil companies and the Iranian government. An agreement has already been worked out to form a new com-

pany to operate the industry in compliance with Iran's nationalization laws; Iran will split profits 50-50 with the oil companies. First foreign technicians are coming in this week to start checking over the Abadan refinery and oilfields.

SHIPBUILDING, now operating at less than 50% of capacity, may soon be revived. U.S. Maritime Administrator Louis Rothschild is working out a Government program to step up replacement of obsolescent World War II cargo ships by offering the lines tax advantages, accelerated depreciation allowances, etc. He wants to give U.S. shipyards \$70 million in orders, replace some 200 old ships over the next eight years.

CONTINENTAL AIR LINES' purchase of Pioneer Air Lines was approved by Civil Aeronautics Board examiner, who said that the combine would better serve 30 cities in Texas, New Mexico and Oklahoma, save the U.S. \$916,000 yearly in mail subsidies.

SUGAR GLUT in the world markets is knocking the props out from under wholesale prices. Bumper crops in Cuba and in other major producing areas sent prices down to 3.05¢ a pound (*v.* 1951's high of 8.12¢), well under the 3.25¢ minimum set by the International Sugar Conference.

A.F.L. HATTERS' UNION offered \$250,000 to Kartiganer Hat Corp., one of the biggest U.S. millinery manufacturers, to bail the company out of debt and save the jobs of 700 union members. Kartiganer, hit hard when spring sales sank, could not pay its bills. The union, though deep in debt from its ten-month strike against the Hat Corp. of America (*TIME*, May 31), will hand over \$50,000 from its own treasury, dig up the rest in \$200 loans from members.

MEXICAN NATURAL GAS may soon be flowing through the Big Inch and Little-Big Inch pipelines to the eastern U.S. Texas Eastern Transmission Corp. is getting ready to sign a 20-year contract with Pemex, Mexico's national oil and gas monopoly.

TEXTILES

New King

In the highly competitive textile industry, there are few business secrets. But nobody was prepared for two surprises pulled last week by Burlington Mills Corp., biggest U.S. producer of synthetic textiles. Burlington first startled the industry by announcing that it was buying control of Pacific Mills (about seventh-ranking producer of cottons and woolens). Other companies wanted Pacific, and one, M. Lowenstein & Sons, was actively bidding for it. Burlington moved in, raised the bid. By laying out \$24.6 million, Burlington, in a day and a half, picked up 49.45% of Pacific's 950,052 shares, last week got control of Pacific's

ELECTRIC POWER POLITICS

Making Partners of Old Competitors

WHEN Franklin D. Roosevelt was running for President in 1932, he favored using public power as a "birch rod" to control the rates of private utility companies. After the utility scandals of the early '30s, many citizens thought that the rod was needed. For the next 20 years, the Democrats made the private companies a favorite whipping boy, while the Government moved full speed into the power business. Now President Eisenhower has thrown away the rod and devised a new method to deal with the power problem. His policy: partnership.

The new partnership policy has stirred up a storm of protest from public-power supporters. They charge that it is a "giveaway" to private interests of hydroelectric resources that belong to all the people. Actually, the partnership policy simply means that the Federal Government, instead of going it alone, will act as a partner of state, local and private interests in building big new hydroelectric projects. Local funds will pay for the power features of the dams; the Federal Government will pay for whatever share is allotted to irrigation, flood control and land reclamation.

Whether power facilities shall be publicly or privately owned is left to local authorities, working with private utility companies, cooperatives and public utility districts.

The new policy means an increase in power rates, although they probably would have gone up anyway. The Administration has switched to a new formula for allocating costs of power at dams. This will boost power costs. But the biggest reason for a rise in rates is the fact that power costs of dams now coming into use will reflect the high postwar construction costs of \$300 per kw. of installed capacity v. \$100 prewar. Despite the protests of public-power men, the partnership program has already won favor among the potential partners. In California, local irrigation districts are ready to finance \$44 million of the Tri-Dam project on the Stanislaus River. The city of Eugene, Ore., is willing to pay for power facilities for the Cougar Dam. A bill to allow local interests to develop power at Priest Rapids on the Columbia River last week went to the President for signature.

The hottest political fight is over the Hell's Canyon dam on the Pacific Northwest's Snake River, one of the last great undeveloped river valleys in the U.S. The fight started in 1948 when the Interior Department proposed a huge new dam. The Idaho

Power Co. countered with an offer to build three smaller dams. They would cost only \$133 million, compared to \$383 million for the Government's one dam, yet furnish two-thirds as much power. The Interior Department opposed Idaho Power's application, argued that it would not fit in with overall plans for the Northwest.

When the Republicans came in, Interior Secretary Douglas McKay did an about-face. The private company plan, said he, would supply power seven years before the Government could. Moreover, as a practical matter, the Interior Department had twice been turned down on dam funds, saw little prospect of getting them. (The Idaho Power application is now before the Federal Power Commission.)

Although public-power proponents have been trying to represent the power fight as a straight Democrat v. Republican affair, both parties have split, depending on individual projects. Oklahoma's Democratic Senator Robert S. Kerr is sponsor of the Markham Ferry Dam in his state, to be built by a state authority, aided by federal funds for flood control. A bill to allow the Alabama Power Co. to build dams on the Coosa River, sponsored by Democratic Senators Lister Hill and John Sparkman, was recently passed by Congress (TIME, June 28). On the other hand, Republican Tom Dewey wants new plants at Niagara Falls to be built by the state, whereas Congress and the Administration favor private company development.

The crux of the Republican policy is that only where local interests cannot assure development of natural resources should the Federal Government step in. For example, the Administration is pushing two huge projects, which fall under this heading: development of the Upper Colorado Basin and the Libby Dam on the Kootenai River in Montana.

The partnership policy is a logical outgrowth of the changes in the private utility industry since the 1920s and 1930s. It was overloaded with promoters of watered stock and failed to supply more power where it was needed. Investment in new facilities from 1926-32 averaged only around \$600 million a year. But, today, private utilities are expanding at a purposeful rate. Since 1950, more than \$2 billion a year has been invested. Now that private-power men are willing to do their share in meeting power needs, the Administration thinks that they should be given a chance to do so.

\$79 million in assets, 14 factories, 9,500 employees.

The next day, Burlington produced an even bigger surprise; it announced that it wanted to buy control of Goodall-Sanford, Inc. (Palm Beach suits, plastic-coated fabrics, etc.) in the open market. This came as a shock to J. P. Stevens & Co. (the family firm of Army Secretary Robert Stevens), which was also planning to buy Goodall-Sanford, even had its men taking inventory in the plants. But it was even more of a shock to Goodall-Sanford executives, who apparently had not been informed by Burlington of its plans.

Burlington offered to pay Goodall-Sanford stockholders \$20 a share for their stock (\$6.25 above the stock-market price) until it had bought 380,000 of the 556,662 common shares outstanding. There was little doubt that enough stockholders would sell to give Burlington control. Goodall's President Elmer L. Ward then announced that his family, which owns 30,000 shares, would sell to Burlington, thus indicating that there would be no attempt to fight the purchase. Burlington had a good buy in Goodall. The book value of the company's common stock is \$41.59 a share, and by laying out \$7,600,000, Burlington would get control of Goodall-Sanford, with its \$49.1 million in assets, 14 factories and 7,000 employees.

To finance both deals, Burlington had some \$50 million in cash and Government bonds in its till. By the two purchases, Burlington's sales (including those of the controlled companies) will be well above \$400 million a year, thus putting it ahead of J. P. Stevens and making it the biggest textile manufacturer in the country. Burlington will, for the present, operate both Pacific and Goodall-Sanford under their own names.

The two quick deals came only three months after Burlington's hustling boss, J. Spencer Love, \$8, had cried poor mouth and called on competitors to stop disastrous price wars. At the time, he even advocated cuts in production. But Love has since decided that the way to fight the textile slump is to have such a broad line of goods that he can compete with all comers.

INDUSTRY

Catch for Ketchikan

On a rugged finger of coastline, stretching about 350 miles along the panhandle of Alaska, stands the Tongass National Forest, biggest expanse of virgin timberland in North America. Last week at the foot of a tree-grown hill six miles from Ketchikan (pop. 8,000), a group of U.S. businessmen dedicated a \$25.5 million pulp mill, the first to use the vast resources of the forest.

The mill is the biggest industrial investment ever made by private capital in Alaska and the only major year-round industry in the territory. Built by the American Viscose Corp. and the Puget Sound Pulp & Timber Co., it will turn

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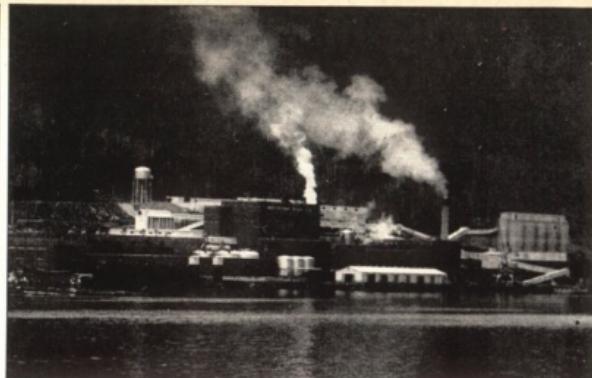
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out more than 500 tons of high-grade pulp a day, to be used by American Viscose in making Cellophane and rayon. Almost completely automatic, it will employ about 1,000 people in office and logging work, but will require only 50 men per shift to run the plant. Since the plant was put up, the town of Ketchikan has started a \$15 million civic-improvement program, including \$4,000,000 for roads, \$2,700,000 for a high school, and a \$3,250,000 bond issue for a hydroelectric plant and dial phone system.

Taking Up Slack. Other big timber developments are also on the way. In Juneau the Georgia Pacific Plywood Co. wants to build a \$75 million newsprint pulp mill, has asked to lease enough forest lands to supply it. Pacific Northern Timber Co. plans to start work next month on a \$20 million sawmill and pulp-mill development in Wrangell. In Sitka the Alaska Lumber & Pulp Co., subsidiary of a Japanese firm, has asked permission to cut enough national forest timber to supply a \$30 million to \$40 million pulp- and saw-

mill. The man who has done most to bring pulp and timber industries to Alaska is Territorial Governor B. (for nothing) Frank Heintzman. He has spent 36 years, ever since he came to Alaska as a Yale Forestry School graduate, trying to lure investment capital into the territory. Now the need for industrial development is greater than ever. The military construction program, which has sunk \$1.7 billion in Alaskan roads and bases, is soon scheduled to taper off. The canned-salmon industry, hard hit by a poor 1953 catch, seems headed for an even worse one this year. But Heintzman is looking toward other industries to take up the slack in the economy, put Alaska on the road to industrialization.

Expansion Ahead. Alaskan hopes for oil production were spurred last week when Standard Oil Co. of California got a contract to explore on the Kenai Peninsula. Phillips Petroleum already has a

contract requiring it to drill twelve wells over a ten-year period. The Alaska Propane Co. is studying a plan to build a pipeline that will bring natural gas into Fairbanks from Umiat, thus induce chemical companies to build plants. A hydroelectric plant at Eklutna will soon go into production with 45,000 kw. capacity, power which is already needed in the Anchorage area.

Alaskans also believe that there are big potentials in mining, since all but two of the 33 metals and minerals classified as strategic in the U.S. are present in quantity. Canadian, Alaskan and U.S. companies are already mining or testing for nickel, copper, chromium and magnetite. So far, most of these activities are small, but Heintzman believes, now that risk capital is coming in from the pulpmakers, that expansion of Alaskan industry will be fast.

LABOR

NLRB Contracts

Ever since the Republicans gained a majority on the National Labor Relations Board, they have taken small steps to limit their jurisdictional boundaries. The board, said Commissioner Philip Ray Rogers, should not poke into labor squabbles involving hot-dog stands, service stations, apartment houses. Last week the board took another big step to cut down the number of cases it handles. It waived its jurisdiction over small retail stores, utility companies, transit systems, radio and TV stations and five other types of businesses.

By thus sawing a thick slice off its case load, the board hopes to give itself more time to interpret issues that are "clearly of . . . national concern." To meet the board's new requirements for interstate operators, a retailer must 1) buy at least \$1,000,000 worth of goods a year directly outside his state (*v.* \$500,000 previously), or 2) buy \$2,000,000 indirectly (*v.* \$1,000,000), or 3) ship \$100,000 worth out-

side the state (*v.* \$25,000). Companies in some categories are excluded completely if their yearly gross revenues do not reach a certain level (*e.g.*, \$500,000 for a newspaper).

The excluded firms will have to take disputes to existing state and local agencies. Where appropriate ones do not exist, NLRB hopes new laws will be enacted to create them.

BUSINESS ABROAD

Zigzag to Success

Every U.S. housewife who ever tried to make a dress on an old-fashioned sewing machine knows how much trouble it was to finish it by hand, *i.e.*, sew on buttons, work buttonholes, etc. It was not until Italy's Necchi Sewing Machine Co. invaded the U.S. market in 1948 that these problems were solved. Necchi made all these tricks possible—without special attachments—by a needle that zigzagged as it sewed. As a result, Necchi (rhymes with Becky) sold its machines so fast that the company now has more than 5% of the U.S. market.

Last week Necchi served notice that it is bidding for an even bigger share of the sewing-machine business. It announced that it will produce, for marketing in mid-1955, a new zigzag model with 56 half-dollar-sized, molded disks that can be slipped in to turn out hundreds of embroidery patterns. By such ingenuity and attention to the housewife's convenience, Necchi has already become one of the biggest dollar-earners for Italy. But Necchi has done something even more important; it has proved to skeptical Italians that U.S. production methods will work as well in Italy as in the U.S.

Between Wars. The first Necchi sewing machine was made in 1919 by Vittorio Necchi, son of a Pavia foundry owner, who decided that a native product could cash in on the Italian sewing-machine market, then divided among Singer and some 30 German companies.

In a small factory outside Pavia, his 120 craftsmen carefully hand-machined each part, painstakingly fitted the parts together. Even by these old-fashioned methods, Necchi was turning out 60,000 machines a year in prewar days. World War II cut production to 60 machines a day and cost the company 400 million lire (\$4,000,000) in war damages. But at war's end, Necchi executives dug out a stock of sewing machines they had hidden from the Germans, and with them, went after the export market.

New Blood. In 1948 Necchi had a double stroke of good fortune with two new men. One was Leon Jolson, Polish-born marketing expert who emigrated to the U.S., saw the possibilities of Necchi's zigzag sewing model, and brought in the first four Necchi machines (*TIME*, April 21, 1952). Last year his 2,268 franchised dealers in the U.S. sold some 80,000 machines, worth \$32 million.

The other man was Gino Martinoli, 53, a student of American production methods who had been technical manager at



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Trade Mission. Guided tours for businessmen seeking Latin American markets are being sponsored by Pan American-Grace Airways. The 30-day, 13,500-mile trips are being scheduled to give executives time to look over markets and line up distributors in Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Santiago, La Paz, Lima, Quito, Panama City, etc. Price: about \$1,500.

Sound Barrier. A low-cost soundproofing material for houses was put on the market by Simpson Logging Co. of Shelton, Wash. Simpson claims that its "Forestone," made from wood fibers, has the soundproofing qualities of mineral tile but is 40% cheaper. Price: 38¢ to 45¢ a sq. ft. installed.

Budget Plan. Meal tickets for dining in some of Italy's best restaurants at a fixed price of \$3.75 went on sale in travel agencies. Each coupon entitles a tourist to a complete dinner with entertainment and tips (drinks extra) in any of 23 listed restaurants in Rome, Palermo, Florence, Genoa, Milan, Turin, Venice and Viareggio.

Clean Sweep. A bantam-weight vacuum cleaner was readied for the market by Westinghouse Electric Corp. Designed so it can be carried about the house on a shoulder strap, the 7-lb. 3-oz. Porta-Vac is about the size of a portable radio but is 80% as powerful as a full-size vacuum cleaner. Price: \$49.95.

Sea Change. A compact, lightweight diesel engine for small fishing and pleasure boats was put on sale by General Motors. The 1,500-lb. engine delivers 87 h.p. to the propeller. G.M. claims that it is quieter, cheaper to operate and safer than a gas engine. Price: \$2,500.

Short Hop. An eight-passenger, open-sided bus for transport in factories, shopping centers, airports, etc., is being sold by Autoette Inc. of Long Beach, Calif. The battery-powered bus averages 10 m.p.h., carries passengers back to back like an old-fashioned street car, comes equipped with a recharge that plugs into an ordinary electrical outlet. Price: \$1,295 f.o.b. Long Beach.

MILESTONES

Born. To Mary Churchill Soames, 31, Sir Winston's youngest daughter, and Christopher Soames, 33, M.P. and the Prime Minister's parliamentary private secretary: their fourth child, second daughter (Churchill's ninth grandchild). Weight: 7 lbs. 2 oz.

Married. Martine Carol, 29, whose bosomy pictures have made her the hottest film property in France (*Caroline Chérie*); and Christian-Jaque (real name: Christian Maudet), 41, her director; both for the second time; in Grasse, France.

Married. Groucho Marx, 58, waspish clown of cinema (*A Night at the Opera*) and television (*You Bet Your Life*); and Eden Hartford, 24, Beverly Hills model; he for the third time, she for the second; in Sun Valley, Idaho.

Divorced. By Jane Withers, 28, one-time queenpin cinemopet: William P. Moss Jr., 33, Texas oil-and-cattle baron; after almost seven years of marriage, three children; in Santa Monica, Calif.

Died. George R. ("Machine Gun") Kelly, 59, onetime minor-league bootlegger who hit the big time in 1933 with the kidnapping and \$200,000 ransoming of Oklahoma Oilman Charles F. Urschel; of a heart ailment; in the Federal Penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kans.

Died. Irving Pichel, 63, longtime stage and cinematographer (*Cleopatra*), more recently a topnotch director (*Martin Luther*); of a heart ailment; in La Canada, Calif. After the success of *Luther*, Pichel went on to a more difficult subject, a week before his death completed *Day of Triumph*, the first full-length film on the life of Christ since Cecil B. DeMille's 1927 *King of Kings*.

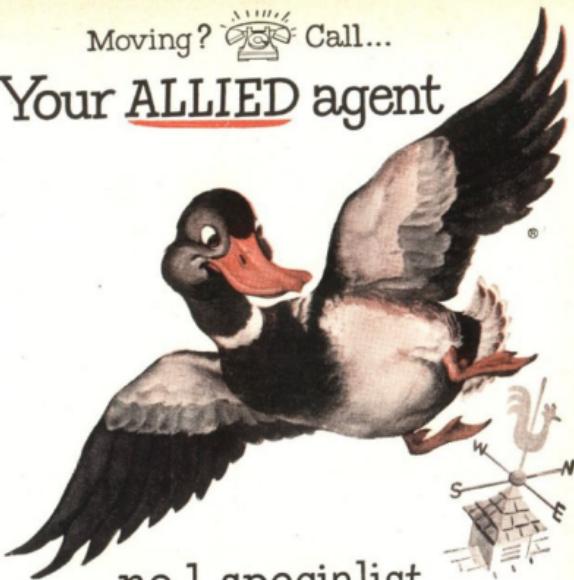
Died. Bennett Champ Clark, 64, one-time (1933-45) U.S. Senator from Missouri, son of the famed (1911-19) Speaker of the House Champ Clark; of a heart ailment; in Gloucester, Mass. As aide and understudy to his father, Bennett Clark, at 22, maneuvered desperately behind the scenes in the Democratic Convention of 1912 to help his father wrest the presidential nomination away from Woodrow Wilson. During his twelve years in the Senate, Clark alternately fought and supported the New Deal. In 1945 accepted an appointment to a U.S. circuit judgeship from Good Friend and Fellow Missourian Harry S. Truman, best man at Clark's second marriage in 1945.

Died. Grantland Rice, 73, dean of U.S. sportswriters; of a heart attack; in Manhattan (see PRESS).

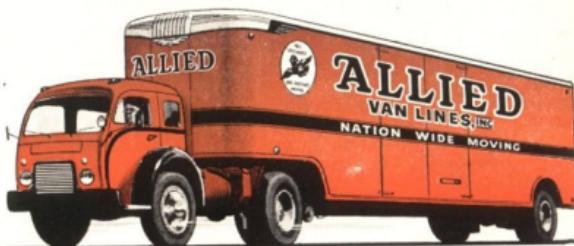
Died. Jacinto Benavente y Martínez, 88, playwright (*La Malquerida*) and winner of the Nobel Prize for literature in 1922; of a heart ailment; in Madrid.

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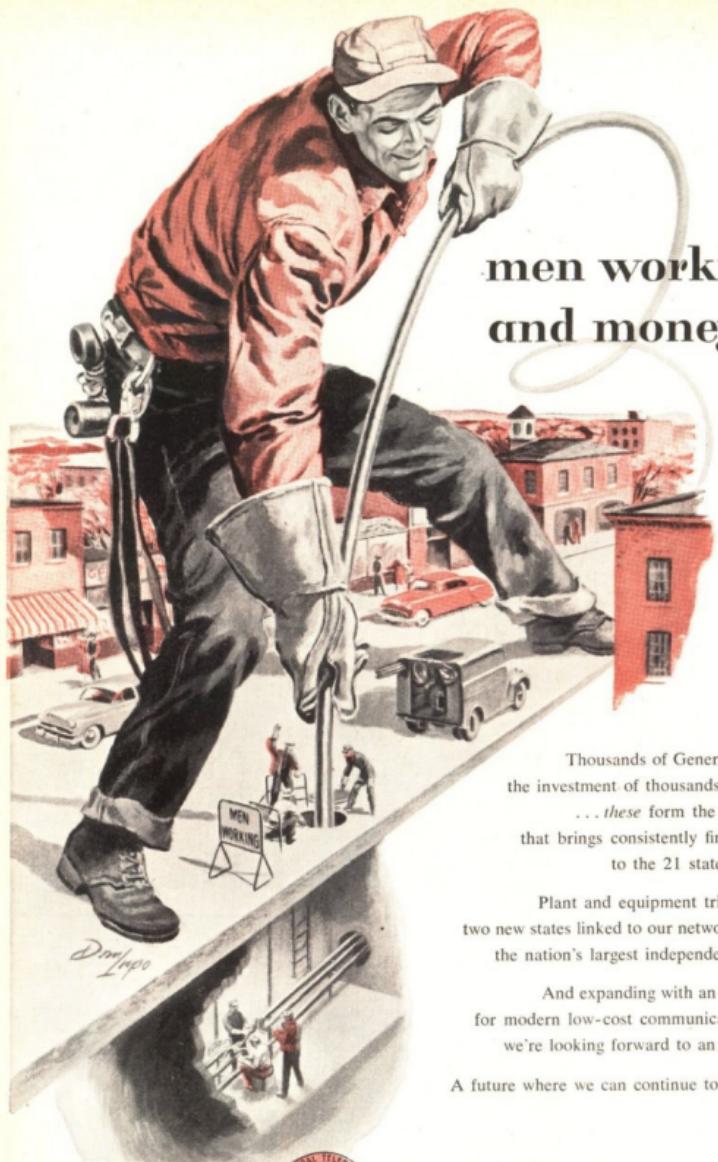
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CINEMA

The New Pictures

The Earrings of Madame De (Franco-London; Arion Pictures). Director Max Ophuls has drawn on the long European tradition, as if at a taproot through time, to nourish this dainty, completely artificial floret. It is a literary picture, plainly enough, but it is also not much less than a perfect one, a new cinema classic. Luckily, too, the classic should soon be fairly popular in the U.S., even though it is spoken in French (with English subtitles). Two of its players, Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux, are world-famed, and a third, Vittorio De Sica, is an Italian matinee idol who in middle age has become well known as one of the finest directors (*Shoesmith, The Bicycle Thief*) now at work.

Secret Sweetener. The earrings of the title, a present from Count de _____ (the family name is never mentioned), a French general of the '90s (Boyer), to his wife (Darrieux), are secretly sold by the lady to the family jeweler in order to cover "certain expenses." Next night at the opera, she pretends to have lost them, and a newspaper reports that they have been stolen. Reading this, the jeweler takes alarm, and hastens with his secret to the count. Amused, the count buys his jewels back, presents them to a mistress he is just discarding, as a sort of sweetener.

The mistress goes on holiday to Constantinople, has a bad night at roulette, sells the earrings. Bought by an Italian diplomat, the widower Baron Donati (De Sica), they travel with him to his new post—at Paris, where in the course of social events he renews acquaintance with his old friend, the count, and is introduced to the countess. Later, while the count is away on maneuvers, the baron executes a few of his own. To the amazement of both parties to the little intrigue, people of the world as they think themselves to be, they fall in love.

Bitter Decline. With Stendhalian sadness, the mood of the picture breaks. The countess, who has never had to choose between anything more serious than dancing partners, suddenly faces a cruel choice between love and loyalty. The count comes home, sees what has happened, tries hard to calm her. She takes a trip. The baron's letters follow her. She rushes back to throw herself in his arms.

Thereupon the count takes a decisive hand. He tells the baron—who by now has given the earrings to the countess—who it was that gave them to her first. Shocked at her unfeeling duplicity in accepting such a gift, the baron breaks off his suit. The countess goes into a decline, the count into a mounting rage. In the end he challenges the baron to a duel. In rushing to prevent it, the countess has a heart attack and dies.

Longid Infatuation. What Director Ophuls has made of these boudoir trivialities is a veritable Fragonard in motion.

Not since Jacques Feyder's *Carnival in Flanders* has a picture tried so many things at once and brought them all off so well. To begin with, the wonderfully overdone upper-class interiors (designed by Jean d'Eaubonne) are photographed with a languid infatuation that moviegoers who saw *La Ronde* and *Le Plaisir* will recognize as characteristically Ophulent. And yet, at the same time, it is clear that Ophuls is unmistakably smiling at his own bad taste.

The smile includes the romantic tragedy he also knows to be an absurdity, and yet he cannot resist spraying it all with an almost cloying odor of Victor Hugo No. 5. But in an instant Ophuls will catch him-



CHARLES BOYER, DANIELLE DARRIEUX & VITTORIO DE SICA
A Fragonard in motion and an odor of Victor Hugo No. 5.

self up with a comic grimace. There are vignettes of "le hunting," of an English youth on the grand tour, of an aged nymph at a ball, that almost break up the show with guffaws. Not to forget some wickedly amusing lines—e.g., "A woman can refuse jewels she hasn't seen," says the count's *petite amie*, as she hesitates to accept his gift. "But after that, it's

heroism." And there are veins of deeper irony to be mined. The bedtime scene between the society couple—she at her woolshearing, he at his paper, and the beds a shouting mile apart—not only is a pretty parody of all such make-the-point scenes, but actually does make a lot of points about a complex relationship and the kind of society that produced it. Deeper still lies the moment, at the height of tension, when the count, normally a "civilized" man, is so deeply shaken that he tells his wife the truth. "I didn't like your picture of me," he says. "But I tried to look like it so as not to displease you."

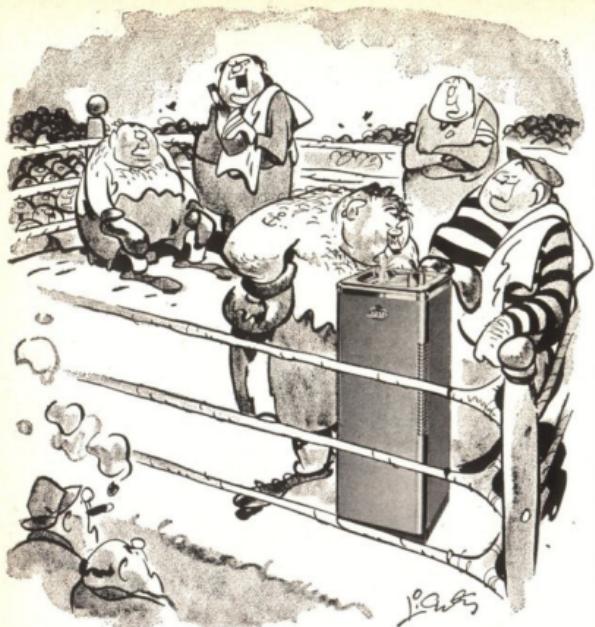
Devastating Charm. Boyer as the count is like no Boyer ever seen on the Hollywood screen. Gone are all the mannerisms, the soulful eye-wriggling and love-me-please pout. He is the military aristocrat to the last shoe button, going a fair piece down Swann's Way with no illusions—an intelligent, very French, clearly self-knowing performance. As the countess, Darrieux nicely achieves an odd mix of innocence, flirtiness, and neurasthenia, but cannot quite hold her own with the competition.

Nor can even Boyer, in fact, quite hold the stage with De Sica. Although De Sica is 53, Ophuls had the eye to see him as a lover—and a lover of devastating charm he makes. De Sica conveys the sense of a man old enough to know what he really wants of a woman, still young enough to

get it, and, most exciting of all, strong enough to say no when he has had enough.

The sum of success in all these parts is a triumph of the whole, and the triumph belongs to Director Ophuls. The hybrid style he has developed, with its exotic fertilizations from a dozen earlier epochs, has at last produced a mature fruit—a sort of artistic pomegranate. The flavor is a shade oversweet, but most people will be delighted to have tried it.

Valley of the Kings [M-G-M], a kind of shovel opera about archaeologists in Egypt, bears out the well-known Hollywood saying: "You don't have to be good if you're lucky." The picture went into production late in 1953, was completed before Archaeologist Kamal el Malak hit the headlines with his surprise discovery of the solar boats beside Cheops' pyramid (TIME, June 7). Released now, the film should ride the wave of publicity a fairish distance before it hits box-office bottom. The picture's plot would perhaps be



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easier to decipher if patrons were handed pocket models of the Rosetta stone at the door. Ostensibly, the No. 1 digger (Robert Taylor) is out to find the tomb of the first Pharaoh to believe in only one God—the one influenced by the Biblical Joseph. But as the story goes on, the moviegoer gets an uneasy sense that he is being asked to swallow an ideological camel (with Eleanor Parker on top) about the Americans and how they alone shine like good deeds in a naughty world. ("I am afraid," sneers a callow young Menjou-type, obviously a foreigner, "in all the hustle and bustle [in America], the spiritual might have been somewhat neglected.") True-blue Robert snaps back: "When were you last in the States?"

The foreign fellow is scragged in due time, but not until the screen has been traversed by sandstorms, scorpions, Tuaregs and an epic cooch in which Samia



ROBERT TAYLOR & ELEANOR PARKER
Occasionally, umptu niagda brruschk.

Gamal, the unfrocked Texan-by-marriage, gongs it around pretty effectively.

Actor Taylor, who has learned history the hard way (*Quo Vadis*, *Ivanhoe*, *Knights of the Round Table*), performs like a student fresh out of a cram session, stunned but effective. He even manages to sputter a little Arabic, or words to that effect—"umptu niagda brruschk!"—when the occasion requires. Comes time for the concluding festivities in the Pharaoh's crypt, Taylor seems so tired of it all that he hardly bothers to respond to Actress Parker's subterranean snuggling—a fact which at least spares the moviegoer a sort of petting party in a coffin.

Johnny Dark (Universal) makes only two demands on moviegoers: they are asked to believe that 1) Tony Curtis is an engineering genius, and 2) Piper Laurie is capable of designing a sports car. For the rest, it is a routine, summer-weight Technicolor film that spends most of its

time following a road race from the Canadian border to Lower California. Sidney Blackmer and Paul Kelly huff and puff at each other as a pair of old-crony businessmen; Piper Laurie, a talented exponent of the bosom-and-pout school of acting, stamps her foot occasionally and flirts tamely with Villain Don Taylor; Actor Curtis runs into a hero's usual hard luck in the race—he loses his way, cracks an engine block, is clearly out of the running. But to no one's surprise, he wins anyway.

Also Showing

Hell Below Zero (Warwick; Columbia) is a hot-weather chiller that strives not so much to entertain the moviegoer as to air-condition him. Thus the scene shifts quickly to the Antarctic Ocean, where Alan Ladd is chasing whales and Joan Tetzel. Unfortunately, he catches the whales first, and though watching blubber slowly being stripped from a whale may be educational, it does not sharpen an appetite for the love scenes.

But it is a little too cold to make much love anyway, so Joan and Alan start chasing the villain (Stanley Baker) across the polar floes. As a sort of wrong-way Simon Legree who munches Saltines as malevolently as if they were human bones, Actor Baker is good for some laughs, but by the time he is stowed in the Deepfreeze, many moviegoers will sigh a heartfelt ditto to Ladd's last line: "Come on; it's over."

CURRENT & CHOICE

Seven Brides for Seven Brothers. Plutarch's story of *The Rape of the Sabine Women*, updated to make the best cinemusical since *An American in Paris* (TIME, July 12).

Mr. Holot's Holiday. A first-class slapstick comedy, partly in French, explaining how not to take a vacation (TIME, June 28).

Dial M for Murder. Ray Milland tries to murder Grace Kelly, but Director Alfred Hitchcock sees to it that he gets his comeuppance (TIME, May 24).

Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. Daniel Defoe's great classic, as wonderful as ever, with Actor Dan O'Herlihy outwitting mutineers, cannibals and nature itself (TIME, May 24).

Executive Suite. Star-studded scramble for the presidency of a big corporation; with William Holden, June Allyson, Barbara Stanwyck, Frederic March, Walter Pidgeon, Shelley Winters, etc., etc. (TIME, May 10).

Knock on Wood. Some extremely funny Kayedenzas by a brilliant clown, Danny Kaye (TIME, April 26).

Night People. Capitalist meets commissar in Berlin and Writer-Producer-Director Nunnally Johnson bangs their heads together; with Gregory Peck, Broderick Crawford (TIME, March 22).

Bet the Devil. John Huston and Truman Capote tell a completely wacky shaggy-dog story; with Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones (TIME, March 8).

The Pickwick Papers. The first full-length film of Charles Dickens' monumental jape (TIME, March 1).



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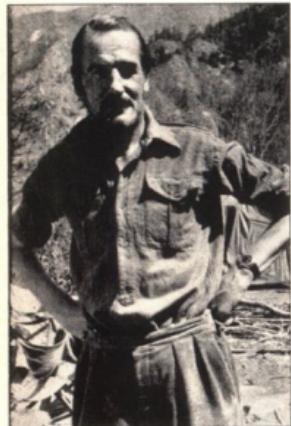
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BOOKS

Upward in Sneakers

AN INNOCENT ON EVEREST [319 pp.]—
Ralph Izzard—Dutton (\$3.75).

Lanky Ralph Izzard, foreign correspondent of the London *Daily Mail*, is not one to be intimidated by the impossible. When his editor ordered him off to Nepal to cover the British Everest Expedition and beat the *Times* of London, off he went. But how he could beat the *Times*, or even get the story, was a puzzler. The *Times* was subsidizing the expedition; by excluding all rivals from climb and climbers, it had a guaranteed airtight exclusive. Nonetheless, Correspondent Izzard, innocent as a fox, timid as a lion, moved in. *An Innocent on Everest* is his modest



Associated Newspapers

CORRESPONDENT IZZARD
A gift for the impossible.

and amusing story of how, in spite of the *Times*, the expedition, the Foreign Office and the forces of nature, Reporter Izzard got his story.

The expedition leader, Colonel Sir John Hunt, told Izzard: "I am forbidden to tell you anything, and that applies as well to all members of the expedition." The British ambassador promised to be equally unhelpful and kept his promise so brilliantly that frozen-out newsmen later called him "the extra-special correspondent of the *Times*." Soon the expedition set out from the Nepal capital weighted down with 7½ tons of equipment. Izzard sadly watched his story climb away from him. It was going to take place three weeks away as a man walks (nearly 200 miles over murderous wild, roadless country), and the only way to get there was on foot. Resolutely, Izzard followed after the Hunt expedition with his own expedition.

Compared to the splendid enterprise

led by Hunt, the Izzard expedition was a joke. Against some 360 coolies, Izzard had five. He had no map or compass and his equipment consisted in part of two pairs of sneakers, a few pots, an old U.S. Army pup tent, an umbrella to ward off the leeches that fell like leaves from the trees. The incongruous team traveled fast and far over rough country carpeted with rhododendrons, orchids and magnolias. Izzard had never climbed anything more formidable than a flight of stairs, but he caught up to the British advance party after 19 days. It was more than 18,000 feet up the side of Everest. The expedition physiologist, who had made the climb carefully and slowly to become acclimatized, seemed dazed when Izzard came puffing among the ice blocks in his sneakers. Wrote Izzard: "The idea that a man could walk up from sea level to nearly 19,000 feet without pause seemed so disconcerting to [him] that for some time the only thing I could do to oblige him was to drop dead in my tracks. If the truth be known, I believe I very nearly did."

Back at sea level Izzard was 18 lbs. lighter, but pounds (sterling) richer in bonus money. Hisfeat made fat headlines and dazzling copy. It also gave him a clean beat on the *Times*, during the first crucial days of the expedition that conquered Mount Everest, though the *Times* beat everyone on the big story, the climb to Everest's summit.

In the Continental Manner

FRENCH STORIES AND TALES [326 pp.]—Edited by Stanley Geist—Knopf (\$3.95).

MODERN ITALIAN SHORT STORIES [429 pp.]—Edited by Marc Slonim—Simon & Schuster (\$5).

The stories in these two collections form a literary skyline ranging from grand ruins to temporary housing. After weathering the years in all critical climates, the French tales, engineered by such masters as Stendhal, Flaubert, de Maupassant, are pitted in spots, but glow with the patina of timelessness. The Italian stories, put up in the hurry and scurry of the post-World War I decades by such contemporary literary architects as Alberto Moravia, Carlo Levi and Vasco Pratolini, rock with life, and occasionally with shaky craftsmanship. American readers, surprised with *New Yorker*-like tales of muted discontent, may find both collections refreshing reminders of what Italy's Ignazio Silone calls "the really important events of life — birth, love, suffering, death."

French Stories and Tales, ably edited by Stanley Geist, a young American critic and writer living in Paris, offers the richer literary experience. The selections range from a Stendhal love story, as intricate as a Japanese tea ceremony, to a fragment of Swiftian satire by Baudelaire on the suicide of a Parisian street urchin. In between, Balzac, Zola and Guy de Maupass-

sant lash at the favorite whipping boy of French letters, the French middle class. Best yarns in the book are stories of simple nobodies by Gustave Flaubert and Joris-Karl Huysmans.

The Big Green Parrot. In *A Simple Heart*, Flaubert takes a plain-as-rain spinner housemaid and erodes her placid life with tragedies. From dawn to dusk, Felicité slaves for the Aubain family, all of whom take her toil for granted. She loves her young nephew like a son, but he dies at sea. Desolata, she clings to the delicate Aubain daughter only to see the girl die of TB. Felicité swaddles her grief in piety and finds a pet in a green parrot. After a few years the parrot dies too, and Felicité has it stuffed. Time robs the old lady of her hearing, dims her eyesight and addles her mind, so that sometimes she kneels in prayer before a color picture of Christ, sometimes before the stuffed parrot. As



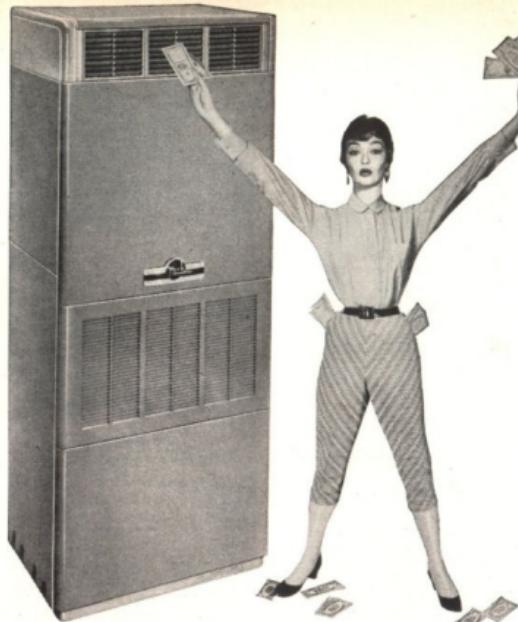
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GIRAUD'S FLAUBERT
A dirge for the lonely.

she lies in bed, half-crazed, alone, and dying, Felicité's last earthly vision is of a huge parrot hovering over her head. Flaubert keeps cool about all this, but his evocative prose keeps a universal dirge for the lonely, desolate humans in the world.

Modern Minotaur. In *Monsieur Folland*, Huysmans does much the same kind of thing for a cantankerous old bachelor with stomach trouble whose only quest in life is a good place to eat. Huysmans adds the pepper of cosmic malice and by the time he finishes tightening the belt of loneliness and despair around M. Folantin's spiritual midriff, ashes seem the principal diet of mankind.

By contrast, the sunniest tale in the book is by that late great skeptic, André Gide, who tells his version of how Theseus bested the Minotaur. The thesis of Gide's Theseus is that the cave of the Minotaur is seductive as well as labyrinthine, a lotus land of indolence and confusion which exists in every man's mind more surely than



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it ever did in ancient Crete, and that each man must sally forth from it after slaying his personal monsters of fear and convention. In his serene, neo-classic way, Gide puts a French accent on the pithy Greek maxim, "Know Thyself."

Metaphysical Pingpong. *Modern Italian Short Stories*, compiled by Marc Sлонim, is saturated with what Critic Cyril Connolly once called "the memory of physical pleasure, with sunshine and salt water, with food, wine and making love, and with the remorse which is the shadow of that sun." Serving up life as if it were a huge platter of prosciutto and melon, the Italian authors offer highly palatable reading on such subjects as the folly of an old fool in love (Pratolini's *A Mistress of Twenty*, Italo Svevo's *This Indolence of Mine*), the dark rapture of revenge (Cesare Pavese's *The Leather Jacket*), and the metaphysical pingpong of illusion v. reality (Luigi Pirandello's *The Bat*).

The finest story in the book is Mora-via's *The Unfortunate Lover*, about a catty mistress who plays a cruel game of I-love-you, I-love-you-not with her mouse-like lover. The best war story is Indro Montanelli's O. Henry-like *His Excellency*. A monocled, tight-corseted army corps commander named Della Rovere is clapped into a Milan prison by the Germans in the spring of 1944. He lets his junior fellow officers know that Italy expects them to face the firing squad with courage: "An officer is at all times merely on temporary duty; he is, as the Spaniards say . . . a bridegroom of death." Inspired by Della Rovere, the prisoners face death bravely to hear his clipped "Jolly good show, sir." Only after death comes to Della Rovere is he unmasked as a thieving small-time card sharp, who cheated on everything but his country's honor.

Reasonable Facsimile

FIND A VICTIM (215 pp.)—John Ross Macdonald—Knopf (\$2.75).

For most purposes of fiction or journalism, the man who minds his own business has the same handicap as a happy family: no story. But the hit-him-again-he's-breathing mystery writers have created a whole gallery of private-eye heroes whose most exciting cases come along when they are winding up a tough assignment and contemplating a little bruise-healing solitude.

It was that way with Lew Archer, quick-thinking, fast-moving hero of John Ross Macdonald's *Find a Victim*. Tooling along a California highway on the way to Sacramento, he saw "the ghastliest hitch-hiker who ever thumbed me. He rose on his knees in the ditch. His eyes were black holes in his yellow face, his mouth a bright smear of red like a clown's painted grin." Archer got him to a motel, but when the fellow died at the hospital, Archer had no intention of calling it quits. Almost before Tony Aquista's body had cooled, the detective was poking into as sordid a mess as hardened mystery addicts could reasonably ask for. Macdonald's blend of sex and sadism includes mar-



Chuck Linstner

AUTHOR MACDONALD
Marijuana, incest and adultery.

juana, incest and adultery. That the mixture stops well this side of disgust is a tribute to his nice sense of realism, an adroit way of conveying that life is sometimes like this, but no need to leer at it.

Macdonald, who also has written as Kenneth Millar, is one of the best of the hard-boiled school now practicing. A student of the work of a fellow Californian, Old Master Raymond Chandler, he has learned his lessons well, even to the similes: "His face was like a worn saddle ridden by circumstance." He has the same intelligent regard for settings: "It was a good residential suburb, where people turned their backs on small beginnings and looked to larger futures." With Dashiell Hammett no longer producing and Raymond Chandler showing signs of weariness, Macdonald is just the man for fans who like those original brands.

Little Brown Monster

SON OF TI-COYO (245 pp.)—Clément Richer—Knopf (\$3).

Anyone willing to believe that a grown shark will take a small boy to be his friend instead of his lunch can have some mildly shocking fun with a sly yarn called *Son of Ti-Coyo*. A sequel to *Ti-Coyo and His Shark* (published in 1951), it is so neatly laced with urbane craft and malice that many parents will think twice before sharing it with the kiddies.

Guinéo, son of Ti-Coyo, is a Martinique moppet with the congenital amorality of a growing barracuda. He comes by his wicked ways naturally, since Daddy Ti-Coyo and Grandfather Cocyco are born thieves who have come up in their island world by means that normally lead to the guillotine. Now respectable, they live on a prosperous seaside plantation. Their chief idiosyncrasy is that they keep Manidou, a huge pet shark, in a specially built tank that has an outlet to the sea.

Guinéo the boy and Manitou the shark are pals. They take off daily for long ocean spins, the boy riding easily by keeping tight hold of the shark's lateral fin. Guinéo likes to feed his voracious mate, especially with human tidbits. By pretending to be helpless far offshore, he sometimes attracts a rescuing fisherman, whose extended arms are nipped off by the waiting shark. When the fisherman pitches into the water, Manitou gets the rest of him. Guinéo, who hates to study, gets rid of his tutor by taking him out for a row, pulling the boat's plug and letting Manitou handle the rest. Only Mama is really shocked by her son's tricks; daddy and grandparents can hardly conceal their admiration for the little fellow.

What saves *Son of Ti-Coyo* from being just plain grisly is Clément Richer's tongue-in-cheek style, smooth, graceful and literate. A native of Martinique, he now lives in Paris, where he has twice been honored by the French Academy.

Tatters of Reality

PHILOSOPHER OR DOG? [271 pp.]—*Machado de Assis*, translated from the Portuguese by Clotilde Wilson—Noon-day Press (\$3.50).

What is reality? The question has furrowed the higher brows from Sophocles and Heraclitus to Pirandello and John Dewey. To Joaquim Maria Machado de Assis, who produced the best in 19th century Brazilian literature, the "problem of reality" was not just a metaphysical "What is it?" The problem was a practical "Can you take it?" In *Philosopher or Dog*, the third of his novels to be published in English, Author Machado tells what happens to a man who can't take it.

In a sense Rubião is killed with kindness. There he is, an average young fellow minding his own business in a little up-country town in Brazil, when all at once a silly old noodle of his acquaintance, a pseudo-philosopher named Quincas Borba, dies and leaves him an immense fortune on the sole condition that he look after a dog, also named Quincas Borba. Rubião exuberantly grabs the money and the dog, goes flying down to Rio.

Stocks & Solitaires. What does he encounter on the way but a "pair of tender eyes which seemed to repeat the prophet's exhortation, 'Ho, everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.'" The trouble is, Sophia is already married to Christiano, an amiable young businessman whose soul, alas, "is a patchwork quilt." Though he would kill the man who touched his wife, Christiano is flattered when men try. This suits Sophia, a flirt with "an intuitive appreciation of solitaires." It also suits Rubião. To keep his welcome sweet at Christiano's, he lends the fellow money and even backs him in business. But when Rubião asks Sophia for a return on his investment, he gets a haughty eyebrow.

Downcast, he takes consolation in politics under the tutelage of a wonderful figure of fun, an editorial bull-roarer called Camacho, from whose lips "anath-

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emas-were springing . . . as from the lips of Isaiah; the triumphal palms were turning green in his hands. Every gesture seemed a principle. When he opened his arms, striking the air, it was as though an entire program were unfolding." Rubião, the gullible incompoop, throws good money after bad journalism, and begins to dream of a seat in the Chamber of Deputies.

A Crown of Nothing. These hopes blasted too, Rubião decides that he has had enough of reality. He takes to sulking at home and dining a crew of worthless pickthunks who steal his cigars and tell him what he wants to hear. After some months of "conversing with his buttons," he begins to get peculiar notions. One day he buys a bust of Napoleon and another of Louis Napoleon. Pretty soon he has his beard barbecued like Louis Napoleon's. "Wait," he murmurs to



NOVELIST MACHADO DE ASSIS
An incomepoop surrounded by pickthunks.

Sophia, "I shall still make you Emperor." His cronies become marshals, his hens peasants. In the end, both reason and money are exhausted. Rubião crowns himself Emperor: "He picked up nothing and encircled his head with it . . . 'Take care of my crown,' he murmured." Then he dies in squalor.

The irony goes deep—deeper sometimes than the author can smell it. Machado was occasionally a careless workman; his characters often come tumbling into view piecemeal—so many arms, fears, eyes, legs, longings, that the reader must assemble them as he can. The symbolism of the dog with the same name as his late master is soggy, and gets worked for more than it is worth—Machado seems to be saying that along with the old man's money and dog, Rubião inherited his fatuity. Still, as the author says at one point in the book, "It's quite an accomplishment, after all, just to put together the tatters of reality."

MISCELLANY

Visiting Privileges. In Covington, Ky., Judge Joseph P. Goodenough granted a divorce to Mrs. Bernadette Keller, gave her husband, Stanley, access to the fishing worms he had been nurturing in their backyard.

Public Relations. In Montgomeryville, Pa., Dr. William A. Bradley hastily explained that the name of his office-home "Psychottage" was no reflection on his patients, added: "We're the nuts who live here—all psychologists are nuts."

Mouse Trap. In Jersey City, Mrs. Catherine Hylander, a packing clerk, won \$3,000 disability damages from the Commercial Enclosed Fuse Co. after she testified that she had been frightened by a mouse, and as a result had become a nervous and emotional wreck.

Multiplication. In Lancaster, Pa., when Aaron M. Zimmerman died at 89, he was mourned by eight sons and daughters, 86 grandchildren, 274 great-grandchildren, one great-great-grandchild.

Ladies' Night. In Memphis, on a citizen's tip, police investigated a report that two youths were seen "stuffing" a girl's leg into the trunk of their car, found that the boys were trying to save the cost of their dates' admission to a drive-in theater.

Copilot. In Oskaloosa, Iowa, police jailed Lotie McCreaty for drunken driving despite McCreaty's plea that his dog Queenie was behind the wheel.

Das Kapital. In Los Angeles, arrested on a charge of stealing a car in movie-rich Beverly Hills, William H. Toward, 18, told sheriff's deputies: "I figured anybody living in Beverly Hills could do without a car."

Anxious to Please. In Denver, the day before he was due to appear in court to answer 14 traffic-violation charges, Ralph Trujillo was arrested on a burglary rap, explained: "I knew I'd need the money to pay traffic fines."

Blanket Coverage. In Atlantic City, N.J., after being picked up on suspicion of attempted suicide, Alvin Richard Hermon, 24, told police he had taken twelve or 15 sleeping tablets "to put myself to sleep"; twelve or 15 benzodiazepine tablets to counteract the sleeping pills, five or six aspirins "in case I don't feel good later."

Somnambulist. In Franklinton, La., when Prisoner William Robinson hung a sign outside the door of his cell, "Please let me sleep late today—I wasn't able to get much sleep last night," Jailer Charles Penny obliged, finally looking in to find the cell bars sawed off, the prisoner gone.

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